THE

WASSON

FAMILY

HISTORY

FAMILY
HISTORY
WASSON

C19

THE

WASSON FAMILY

HISTORY

from

DAVID 1775

thru

SAMUEL 1809

for

FIVE GENERATIONS

in

DEKALB COUNTY INDIANA

by

PAULINE WASSON GREENE

1976 - 1977

Pauline G.

P R E F A C E

Several years ago I became interested in our family history. After discussing the idea with several members of my family,it seemed that I,being the eldest, should do something about it.

With the help of my sister Harriet,having interviewed several older friends,who had lived near my grandfather, we had a start. The DeKalb County records yielded more information. My brother D. O. was most helpful in obtaining information. My sister Dorotha provided more recent dates,locations,etc. Visits to three cemeteries confirmed names and dates. My husband,Donald, spent many hours putting names and dates in chronological order. Bertha Deal, a granddaughter of Samuel, has provided information on her family.

To all these people and others, who have been most helpful,- A big thank you.

A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

My sisters : Harriet and Dorotha

My brothers: D.O. Glen and Richard

My cousin : Bertha Deal

L E G E N D

1. ROMAN NUMERALS: Indicate Generation and are used as the principle page number.

2. LETTER IN CIRCLE: Designates a specific descendant of a generation and is used with the Roman Numeral for a page number.

3. ROMAN NUMERAL IN A LARGE CIRCLE: Indicates that descendant is the continuing lineage for the main TREE and designates the next page in the lineage.

4. ROMAN NUMERAL & A LETTER IN A TRIANGLE: Indicates a page devoted to further data on that family.

5. AN"S": in a number signifies the spouses family developement.

6. THE SMALL DIGIT: following a name indicates the number of times that name has appeared in this family history.

7. "C" FOR CIRCA: meaning 'about that time'. Other pertinent data or information has established this approximate date.

8. DY: stands for 'Died Young'-generally early childhood - days or maybe years.

The format used in this story permits the chronological arrangement of the many families and generations.

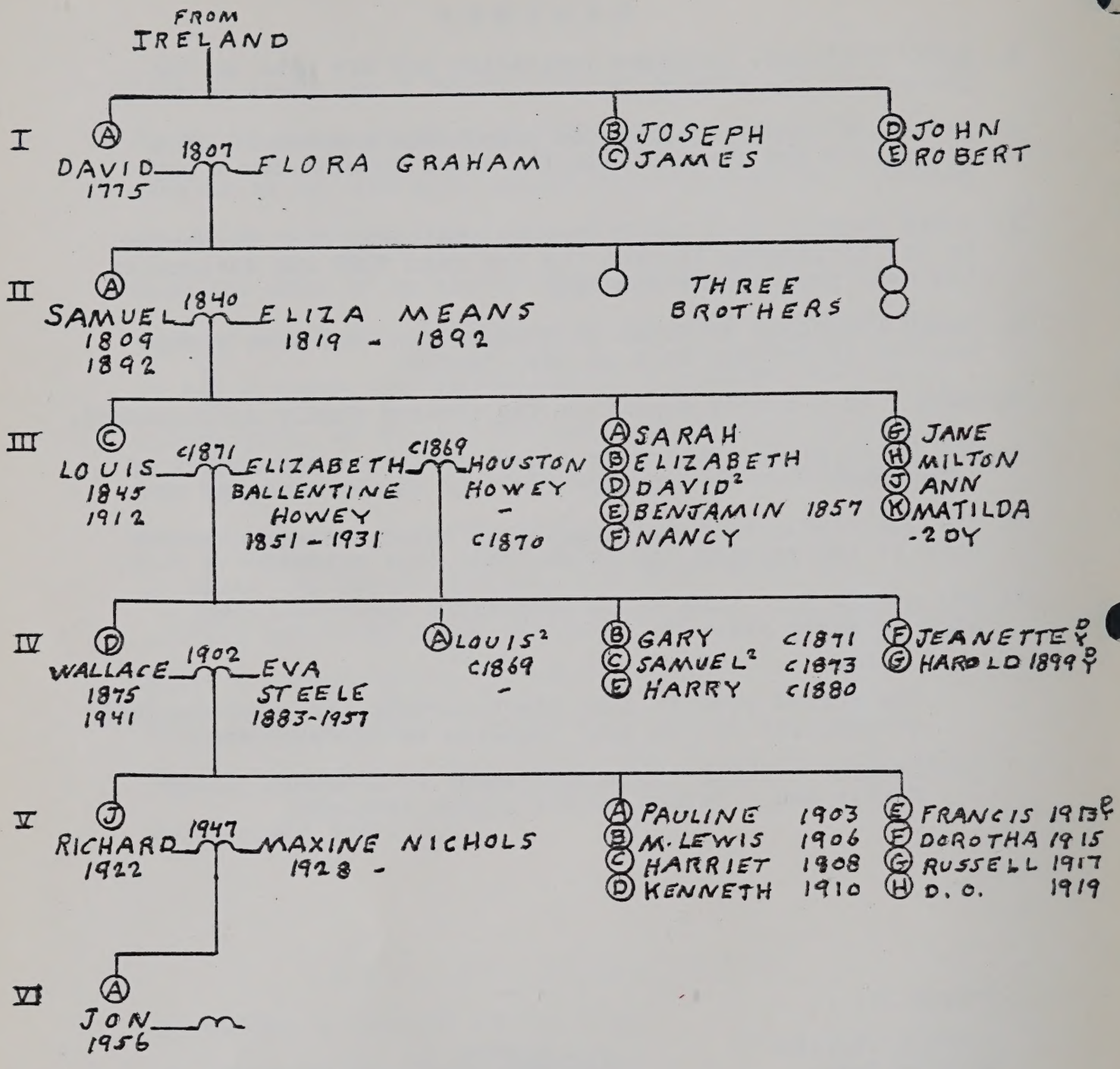
It also permits the developement of a branch of any family and a record of all people involved.

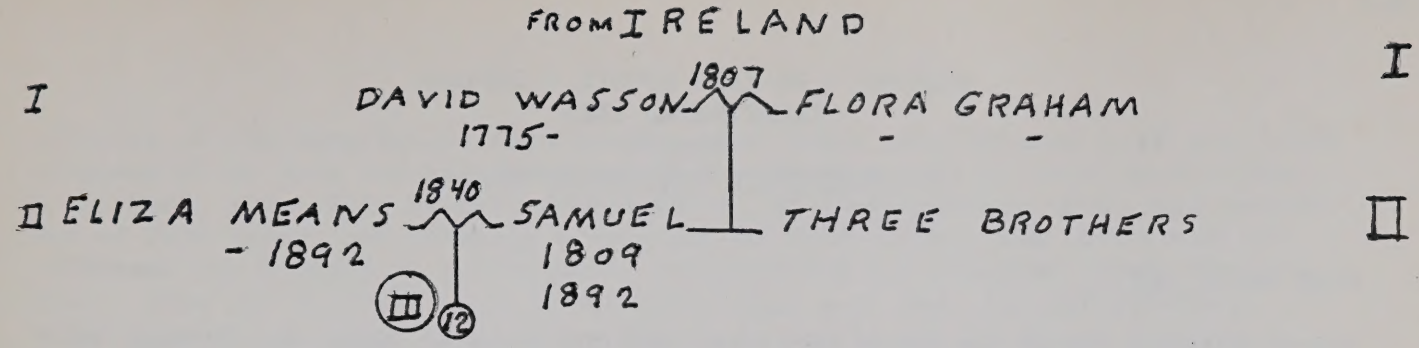
Copies To;

Harriet Oberlin
Dorotha Baron
Bertha Deal
Pauline Greene

D. O. Wasson
Gay Wasson
Russell Wasson
Richard Wasson.

WASSON FAMILY TREE





I- DAVID - WASSON: b. 1775 in Ireland, County Antrim, near Ballymena.
m. 1807 In Ireland.
FLORA - GRAHAM: b. - No information.
There also is no information on the four brothers of David.
The family was Presbyterian by faith and was said to own "many fields" (farms) around Ballymena.
David was a member of the Masonic Lodge #639 Ardstraw. A demit was granted from the Lodge, March 30, 1807 and was witnessed by one George Wason. (Note early spelling of name).
He married at age 32 and came to America in 1807. They settled in Funkstown, Pennsylvania where a son Samuel was born.

II- SAMUEL W. WASSON: b. July 9, 1809 in Funkstown, Pa. (Location unknown but thought to be near Boyertown which is a few miles S.E. of Reading.
c1812-Moved to Montgomery County, Ohio: then later to Darke Co., Ohio.
c1833-Moved to DeKalb County, Indiana.
c1837-Entered 80 acres of land in Concord Township, DeKalb County.
Cleared-farmed and lived there for nearly a half a century.
m. Jan 16, 1840. 1890 Golden Wedding.
ELIZA - MEANS: b. - d. 1892.
A reproduction of the Golden Wedding announcement is included herewith with the original in possension of Harriet Wasson Oberlin, Great grand daughter of Samuel (See last page.)
Further location of his farm - 1½ miles west of Don Kellers; first farm beyond Clines. Bert and Mary Wasson occupied this farm at a later date.
Burial-Spencerville "White City" cemetery-west section: in corner next to drive nearest Spencerville.
1879-Oldest living settler in the county.
Reference is made to Samuels three brothers in correspondence with Bertha Deal, a granddaughter. No other mention is made of these brothers.
The following pages were extracted by Harriet Oberlin from the "History of DeKalb County and included in this Biography.
Buried in the Spencerville "White City" cemetery.

HISTORY - DE KALB COUNTY - INDIANA
ILLUSTRATED 1885
CHICAGO
INTER-STATE PUBLISHING CO.

PAGE 548 & 549

Samuel Wasson, one of the first settlers, and the first of those now living, of De Kalb County, was born in Funkstown, Pa., July 9, 1809, a son of David and Flora (Graham) Wasson, natives of Ireland. When he was a child his parents moved to Montgomery County, Ohio, and later to Darke County, where he grew to manhood.

After attaining his majority, in 1830, he went down the Mississinnewa River and worked for the Indians from spring till fall; then returned to Darke County, and in the spring of 1832 went to Ft. Wayne and worked on the canal, and in the fall of 1833 came to De Kalb County in company with six or seven families and worked for the settlers till 1837, when he entered eighty acres of land in Concord Township, which he cleared and improved, and on which he has lived nearly a half century.

He has been a hard working man and has probably assisted in building more log cabins and houses than any other man in the county. He has cut and split 2,000 rails in seven days. He has lived to see De Kalb County change from a country of Indians and wild animals to one of cultivated farms and prosperous villages, and no one has done more to bring about this change than he. Although seventy-six years old he still retains considerable of his youthful vigor and oversees the cultivation of his farm.

Hewas married Jan. 16, 1840, to Eliza Means, a native of Pennsylvania, daughter of James and Elizabeth Means, who came to De Kalb County in 1837. To them have been born twelve children, ten of whom are living -- Sarah, Elizabeth, Lewis, David, Benjamin F., Nancy, Jane, Matilda, Milton, and Ann. James and John are deceased.

In his youthful days Mr. Wasson was a Whig in politics, but since its organization has cast his suffrage with the Republican party.

PAGE 418

"Resolved, That when this meeting adjourn, it will adjourn to meet at Auburn, Sept. 12, 1878; and that all who were citizens of the county prior to Jan. 1, 1846, are cordially invited to attend and participate in the meeting."

On motion, a committee of two from each township was appointed, to ascertain the number of old settlers in their respective townships, and notify and induce them to attend the next meeting, and perform such other duties as in their judgment would be for the best interests of the meeting. The following were appointed: Butler, Peter Simmons and J. A. Miller; Jackson, A. D. Goetschius and Henry Brown; Newville, B. F. Blair and John Plattner; Concord, Samuel Wasson and J. Rhodes.

PAGE 421 & 422 -- SECOND ANNUAL MEETING (No reference is made to the proposed 1878 meeting - Evidently it was held and officers elected.)

The first regular meeting under the constitution was held on Thursday, June 19, 1879, in the grove on Ensley Avenue, between Auburn and Auburn Junction. All the

officers of the association were present, and there were between 3,000 and 4,000 citizens of De Kalb and adjoining counties. After a call to order by President S. B. Ward, and prayer by Rev. John McCurdy, of Troy Township, Hon. John Morris, now of Fort Wayne, but formerly a resident of this county, was introduced and addressed the meeting in an eloquent, entertaining and pleasant manner for an hour. This was followed by a recess until half past one, for refreshments, which interval was most agreeably occupied by nearly all in social greetings, pleasant renewal of old acquaintances, the formation of new ones, and in the partaking of the abundant supply of provisions which nearly every family present brought with them, while a large number retired to the village to partake of the hospitalities of the citizens of Auburn.

Short addresses were then listened to from Colonel I. B. McDonald, of Whitley County; Major S. W. Sprott, of Auburn; Samuel Wasson of Concord, and J. W. Jeffords, of Waterloo. For the ensuing year, the officers chosen were: President, S. B. Ward; Vice-President, P. B. Nimmons; Secretary, W.H. Dills; Treasurer, Cyrus Bowman; Biographer and Librarian, J. E. Rose.

As a part of the proceedings of the day, there were called to the stand and introduced to the audience the following persons: Mrs. Margaret Cummins (a daughter of the late John Houlton, first settler of the county), the first white child born in the county, April 7, 1836; Mrs. J. R. Moody (daughter of the late Abraham Fair), the second white female child born in the county, April 17, 1836, and James Platter, the first white male child born in the county, in October, 1836. There was also presented to view the surveyor's compass and chain, used and owned by the late Hon. R. J. Dawson, in the original survey of the public lands in Northeastern Indiana, which were recognized by Samuel Wasson, then a chainman. Mr. Wasson is the oldest living settler in the county at present.

PAGE 274 & 275

The nearest mill and market was at Fort Wayne, about twenty-six miles from the center of the river settlement, by land, and nearly as far again by the winding river. There was no wagon road as yet, and the river was the great thoroughfare. It was navigated by means of pirogues -- large canoes dug out of the huge towering poplars abounding along the river. They were sometimes three or four feet wide, and seventy or eighty feet long, and would carry quite a burden. They were propelled by means of poles and paddles. Coming up the river with a load when the water was high was very hard work, especially if the river was too high to reach the bottom with poles of a convenient length.

Mr. Rhodes, of Newville, and Samuel Wasson, of Spencerville, had to pull a loaded pirogue nearly all the way from Fort Wayne to where Spencerville now is, by laying hold of the willows and other bushes along the margin of the water. The entire voyage occupied a week.

PAGE 431 & 432

"Even in early days, when the pioneers were undergoing the privations I have spoken of, they had a very large amount of the real pleasures of life; and when an opportunity afforded, it was enjoyed with a relish equally as well as now.

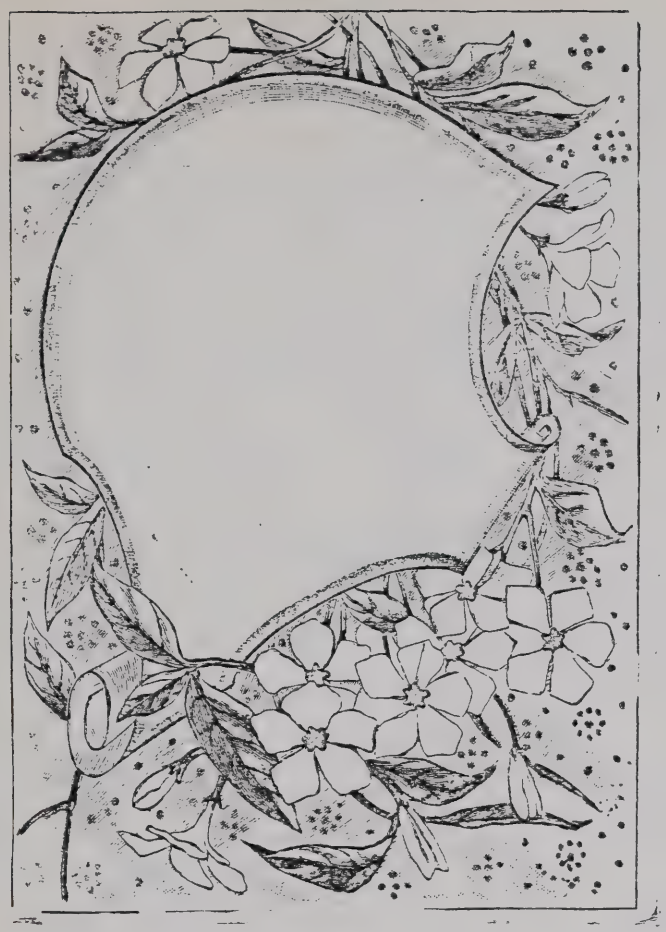
"They had other pleasures; and were as keen then to devise and play off some joke,

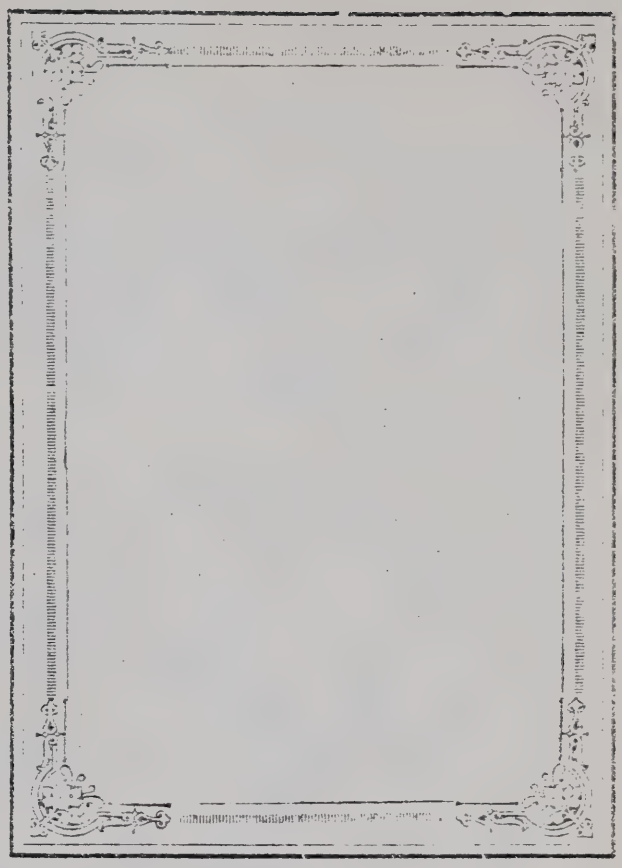
prank or sport at each other's expense as their sons and daughters are of today. For the purpose of showing by its sequel the good heart of one of its actors, of the many I have heard I will mention only one. I take the now oldest settler in the county; and because he is such I take the liberty of using his name, he feeling well assured that I would not set aught down in malice. It seems that long years ago, at least forty, Samuel Wasson unsuspectingly entered into a contract with that ever-practical joker, shrewd lawyer and afterward honored judge, R. J. Dawson, whereby Wasson agreed to let Dawson strike Wasson three strokes with a raw-hide -- then Wasson was to strike Dawson five strokes with the same instrument, Wasson agreeing beforehand that he would not touch Dawson until he had given him all his three strokes. Dawson was a strong and powerful man, and probably struck harder than he intended; but after striking Wasson only twice he hurriedly put away the raw-hide and concluded to postpone indefinitely the giving to Wasson of the last stroke. He felt safe because he had Wasson's word, which then, as now, was as good as a bond, that Wasson would not strike. Wasson demanded the other lick and to have the contract fulfilled at once.

Dawson argued that by the contract he could take all the time he wanted to finish up his work. Wasson begged and demanded, and Dawson was equally stubborn and determined in his way. The truth was that thereafter on that day it was not very quiet on the St. Joseph. Dawson always thereafter kept postponing the execution of his contract, and Wasson ever waiting, watching and wishing to have Dawson strike him. Wasson nursed his ire (and I have heard him nurse it) because he was such a fool as to enter into such a foolish schme. They lived within a mile of each other for twenty years, but were not as friendly as they ought to have been and be neighbors.

"Twenty-two years ago the 15th of last month, a man at Spencerville, with his weeping wife and three little boys by his side, and other mourning friends around, lay dying. Many of his neighbors were there to take their last look and render assistance. A few moments after midnight, after a few gasps, and Reuben J. Dawson was dead. Wasson was not present, but Dawson had not been dead five minutes before the tall, bent form and shaggy beard of Samual Wasson came into that house of mourning from the darkness outside, where he had been silently and alone awaiting the crisis. As tenderly as a sister would, he gently carried the little boys and weeping widow to their rooms, and with his own hands shaved, and dressed and fitted for sepulture the body of that neighbor. The next day, solitary and alone, with his shovel and mattock, Wasson wended his way to the village graveyard, and with his own hands and strength, dug and prepared the grave of one whom he had thought had so grievously wronged him. And there in that grave, that day, Samuel Wasson buried all the ill will, hatred or malice he ever had against Dawson.

II-5





1840. *1890.*

Golden Wedding.

MR. & MRS. SAMUEL WASSON.

At Home.

WILL RECIEVE THEIR FRIENDS AT THEIR RESIDENCE NEAR SPENCERVILLE, IND., THURSDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING,

JANUARY 16, 1890.

FROM ONE TO NINE O'CLOCK.

See II

SAMUEL & ELIZA WASSON
(From II)

WILLIAM STOFFER — SARAH — (A)

Lived in Kansas City.

(B) ELIZABETH[2] CHANEY — MILTON CHANEY

BURTON CHANEY — MARY ERSKINE

AUDREY (Dead) — FLORANCE (Male - Dead)

PAUL C1895- — RAY — GLADYS —

Elizabeth & M.C. - No information.
Burton (Bert) was raised by his grandfather Samuel. Mary, a sister of Anna Erskine who m. Benjamin W. several years her senior.
Ray & Gladys live in Florida & Ind.

ELIZABETH BALLENTINE HOWEY 1851-C1931 — C1871 — LOUIS 1845 1912 — (C)

(IV) ②

Head stones in the Spencerville "White City" cemetery.
Elizabeth; widow of Houston Howey. They had 1 boy. Louis. She had 1 brother William Ballentine & 2 half sisters: Diadem Bowen and Mollie Wyatt.

SARAH FOLTZ — DAVID[2] — (D)

Alfred — Ace — Samuel (Nickname "Dodger") 1881-1963

(E) BENJAMIN — ANNA ERSKINE

July 1, 1857 d. 1914 — Aug. 29, 1875 Apr. 22, 1969 — III E

⑧

PHILLIP KENNEDY — NANCY — (F)

(G) JANE — JOHN HULL

HULL

FRED — GLADYS LAYMAN

Donald — Marilyn Wassler

*JAMES RICKETTS[2] — ANN — (J)

Jane — Geraldine

Bertha — Jay — Isam — shearer

Dec. 10/12/77 ← James, Helen, Howard

Marjorie, Marion

(H) MILTON — MARGARET - (Lived in California.)

(2 Girls D.Y.) MAX

(K) MATILDA — WILLIAM[2] SHELDON

Lived in Johnstown, Pa.

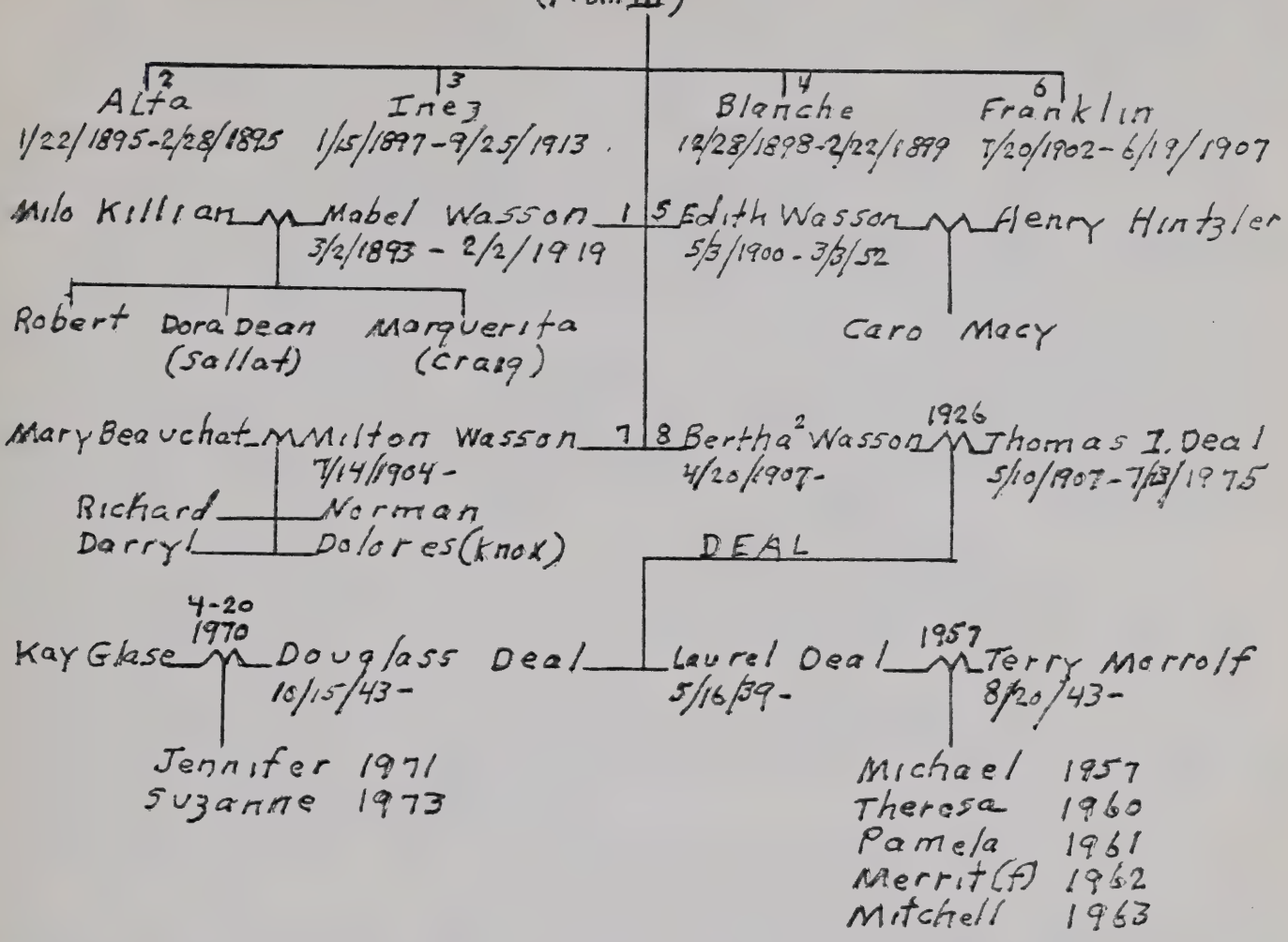
*James — (1st. m.)

"Hat" Harriet 1874-1956 — Delbert Dragoo 1873-1939

Clifton, Helen

No birthdates were available on this family so a definitive sequence of births could not be established. They were arranged essentially as shown in several different lists from different sources. Note the 12 year difference in ages between brothers "C" and "E". This does not appear to be compatible in this large family and were the only birthdates available. Also 2 children D.Y.

BENJAMIN & ANNA ERSKINE

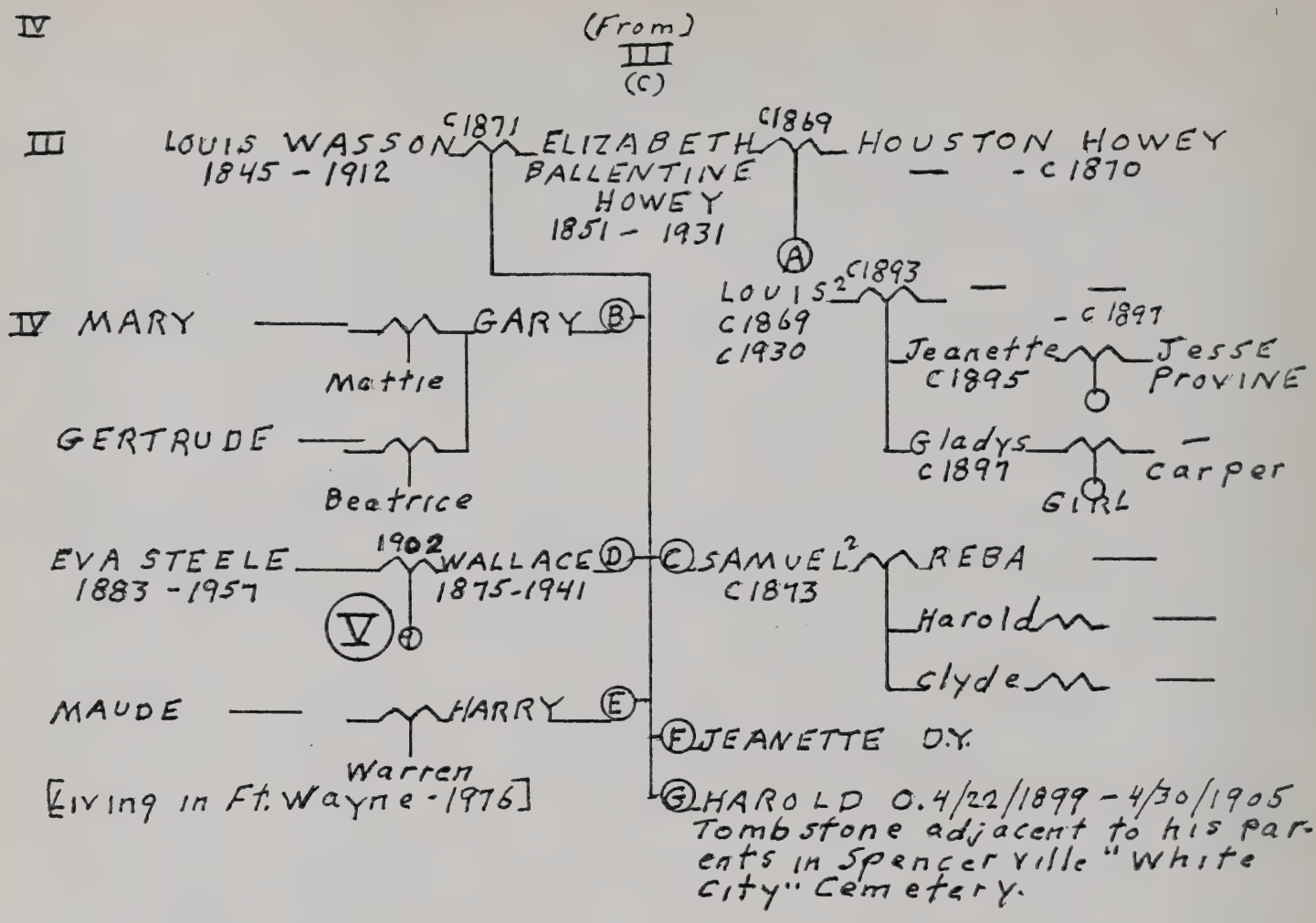


Anna Erskine was the sister of Mary who married Burton Chaney.
Milton Wasson's three boys are the only possible continuation of the Benjamin family lineage.

Bertha Wasson Deal was of considerable help and the only source of information for the Benjamin Wasson family. She mentions Fred and Gladys Hill from another branch of the family. She also mentions that Samuel Wasson and three brothers came to this country (DeKalb Co.): this is the only reference made to Samuels brothers.

Bertha does hospital volunteer work and visits relatives and friends in Florida occasionaly. She relates a happening concerning her father. He was a farmer and part time veterinerian. A neighbor farmer, Mr. Case, had a bull that developed a large lump on its stomach, so he requested Ben. to reduce the lump. They tied the bill down and Ben made the incision, with that the bull lunged, broke loose and gored Ben in the head. Mr. Case shot the bull and it fell on Ben's leg causing an injury.

Bertha and Thomas Irving Deal were married May 10, 1926. They lived at: 2430 St. Marys Ave., Ft. Wayne, Indiana. 46808.



III LOUIS - WASSON: Lived his entire married life on a farm N.W. of Spencerville. He owned a threshing machine and traveled around the area threshing grain for the neighboring farmers.
ELIZABETH loved her horse and buggy and was on call whenever a neighbor needed help or perhaps just someone to talk with.
He died at his home in 1912; she died 1931.
They are buried in the Spencerville "White City" cemetery.

IV(A) LOUIS - HOWEY: born on a farm one mile N.W. of Spencerville, Concord Township. Upon the death of his father, Houston, while he was very young his mother, Elizabeth married Louis Wasson and continued to live on this farm.
Later he owned a farm in Jackson Township approximately four miles east of of Auburn.
His wife died shortly after the birth of his second daughter and he raised both young girls. He was elected trustee of Jackson Township, DeKalb county, an office he held for many years.
He encouraged his two nieces, Pauline and Harriet to further their education. He later was instumental in placing Pauline in her first teaching position.

V JEANETTE: Louis elder daughter was a music teacher, travel ing from home to home teaching both Piano and Organ.

WALLACE MALETIS WASSON — 1902 — EVA GLENDORA STEELE (IV D-S)

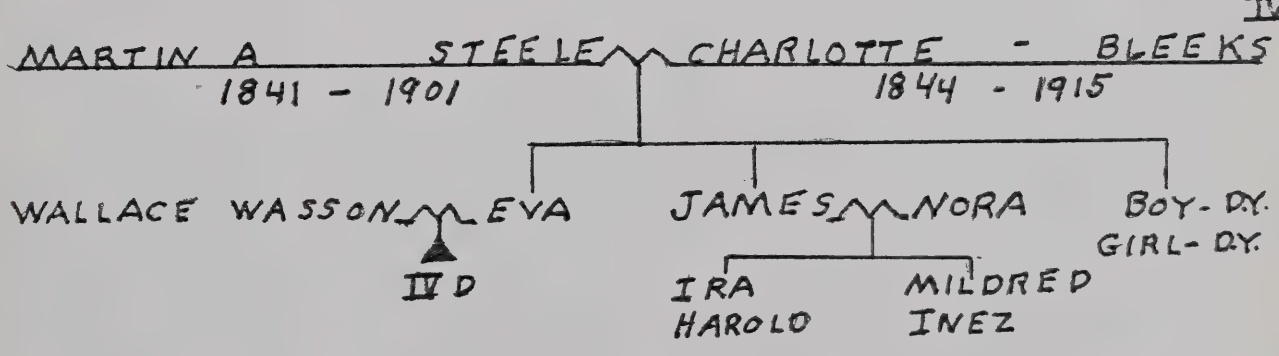
Nov. 17, 1875 - May 23, 1941 — May 13, 1883 - Aug. 11, 1957

Born in Spencer Township — Born in Newville Township

(9)

1900-Fireman on the Baltimore & Ohio R.R. Lived in St.Joe.
1902-July 2. MARRIED.
It is interesting to note that my father and my husbands father were both railroad firemen at the same time:the B.&O.R.R. in Indiana and the Buffalo,Rochester & Pittsburg R.R. in New York State.
1904-Became seriously ill with smallpox and left the railroad.Moved to New Haven,a suburb of Ft.Wayne:worked for a local industry.
1908-Gave up factory work and moved to a farm near his original home around Spencerville,DeKalb County-Spencer Twsp.near Spencerville.
1910-Concord Twsp.-three miles No. of St.Joe on state Rte.#8.
1918-Wilmington Twsp.on state Rte #1
1920-Concord Twsp.near St.Joe.
1926-Concord Twsp.N.E. of St.Joe-one mile from Orangeville.
1930-Concord Twsp.Two miles west of Newville on state Rte.#8.
1932-Stafford Twsp.No. of Newville on County Rte.#71.
1935-Wilmington Twsp.on County Rte.#40.
1937-Newville Twsp.
1941-Died 5-23-1941.Buried in St.Joe "Riverside" cemetery.
His wife Eva moved to a small house in Orangeville after her husbands death. Her sons D.o. and Richard bought this place and moved her there before entering the service.
1955-She moved to the Sheehy Nursing Home in Butler.
1957-Aug.11Died.Buried in St.Joe "Riverside" Cemetery.

IV D-S



MARTIN & CHARLOTTE:Lived on the west side of Butler.She attended "Newville Academy" (see attached).Their Tombstones are located in the center of the Hicksville cemetery,near a tall granite monument.
JAMES lived near Seattle,Washington.

WD-52 n

NEWVILLE ACADEMY

Newville, De Kalb County, Indiana.

The Fall Term of this Institution will commence on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8th, 1865,

AND CONTINUE TWELVE WEEKS.

It is desirable that Students should be present at the Commencement of the Term.

A TEACHER'S CLASS

Will be formed at the commencement of the Term, for the benefit of those who design teaching the coming Winter.

No deduction will be made for absence less than half a term, except in case of protracted illness.

Good facilities may be obtained for Students to board themselves, or board may be obtained in private families at from $2.50 to $3.00 per week.

Firmness, tempered with mildness and reason shall be our aim in the government, while faithfulness and thoroughness shall be our object in instruction.

A competent teacher has been secured for the Primary Department.

TUITION:

Primary Branches,	$2.00 to $3.00	Higher English, -	$4.50 to $5.50
Common English, - - -	4.00	Elements of Latin, - - -	6.00

For particulars, address

A. W. PIERCE,
Principal.

July, 1865.

Information by Mrs. George Strong, Newville, Ind.
Per Harris

From the secretary's minutes of the meetings of the Vienna Academy trustees we can learn a few basic facts about the stucture,some dates and a few other things.

The first item in the book records that "The building of the Vienna Academy was let to A.C.Stone as per written contract at $1350."

The next meeting was dated Mar.29,1854 and the treasurer was directed to pay Joseph Ludwig $91 for getting out timber for said Academy. Order No.1 was issued for same.

Order No.2 was issued at the next meeting for $3.00 to O.C.Houghton "for making draft for said Academy".

From this time on money was spent for lumber,lath,shingles,plaster and many other things required to build a frame school house.

Almost all the meetings were held in the home of N.L.Thomas the first storekeeper of Newville and also the Methodist minister.The meetings were almost allheld on the first Sat.of the month,but sometimes circumstances changed this pattern.The first meeting that was held in the Academy by the trustees was Aug 1855.At the July 28,1855 meeting R.Faurot was "elected teacher of the Vienna Academy for the term of one year from the first Monday of Aug.1855.Also J.P.Widney,R.Faurot, and J.E.Hendricks were appointed to "determine upon yhe lot of text books to be used in the Vienna Academy."

In 1863 all the stock was turned over to the Newville trustee.There were 60 stockholders who had bought from one to 29 shares of stock at $20.00 a share.Evidently the hiring of teachers and financing the school was turned over to the trustee along with the shares.

The old Long Home was still standing in 1910.It was the home or place for the students to room while attending the Academy.It was a long one story building extending from the road to the first row of trees in front of the school building that was recently torn down.

IV D-53

NO. 35 VIENNA ACADEMY. 1 SHARE $20.

This is to Certify That John Platter is entitled to ONE SHARE of Twenty Dollars in the Capital Stock of the VIENNA ACADEMY.

The said Stock is transferable only by said John Platter or by his Attorneys on filing with the Secretary of said Academy a Certificate stating the No. of the Share transfered, and the name of the person to whom such transfer is made.

In Witness Wherrof The Trustees of said Academy have caused this Certificate to be signed by their President and Treasurer.

Dated at Vienna, this 12th day of November, 1835.

G E Hartsuck Treasurer. Joel E Hendricks President.

Hartsuck Joel E. Hendricks

Joel E. Hendricks	5	Dwight Moody	1	A. Marks	1
Larenzo Dawsen	1	Jacob Hart	1	Collin Robertson	1
Henry Fusselman	6	Christian Wanamaker	29	John Mavis (sp)	2
Noyce Coats	9	N.L.Thomas	3	J.P.Nedry (sp)	1
B.M.Rakestraw	1	John Platter	10	M. Waterman	1
Abram Applegate	1	A.B.Fetters	1	A. Seely	1
Headly and Priest	5	William Richards	2	J. Peck	1
H. Fusselman	1	Levi Ranier	1	G. Babcock	1
William H. Thomas	2	A. Allen	2	William Hamilton	1
James Hadsell	1	Ephriam Strong	1	Ransom Owen (sp)	1
Hadset and Dickeson	1	G. Walton	1	R.J.Dawson	2
Zimri Seely	1	Ariech Widener (sp)	1	Ariel Walden	2
Newman and Hardy	1	G.G.Melendy	1	J.Ludwick	1
O.Bartlet	1	John Thompson	1	William Warner	1
Dort Harrington	3	P. Smith	1	R. Faurot	5
William C. Roberts	2	A.C.Stone	3	L.Baird	1
John Miller	4	G.D.Hartsuck	2	I.M.Lawrence	1
John Cary	1	Lewis Cole	5	S.Wyatt	1
Asa Overacker	1	Lot Herrick	1	R.Seigler	1
Alva Lawrence	1				

Since some of these stockholders transferred their stock to another person it is difficult to give an exact accounting of all the stockholders and all the stock they owned.

copied - D,L,G.

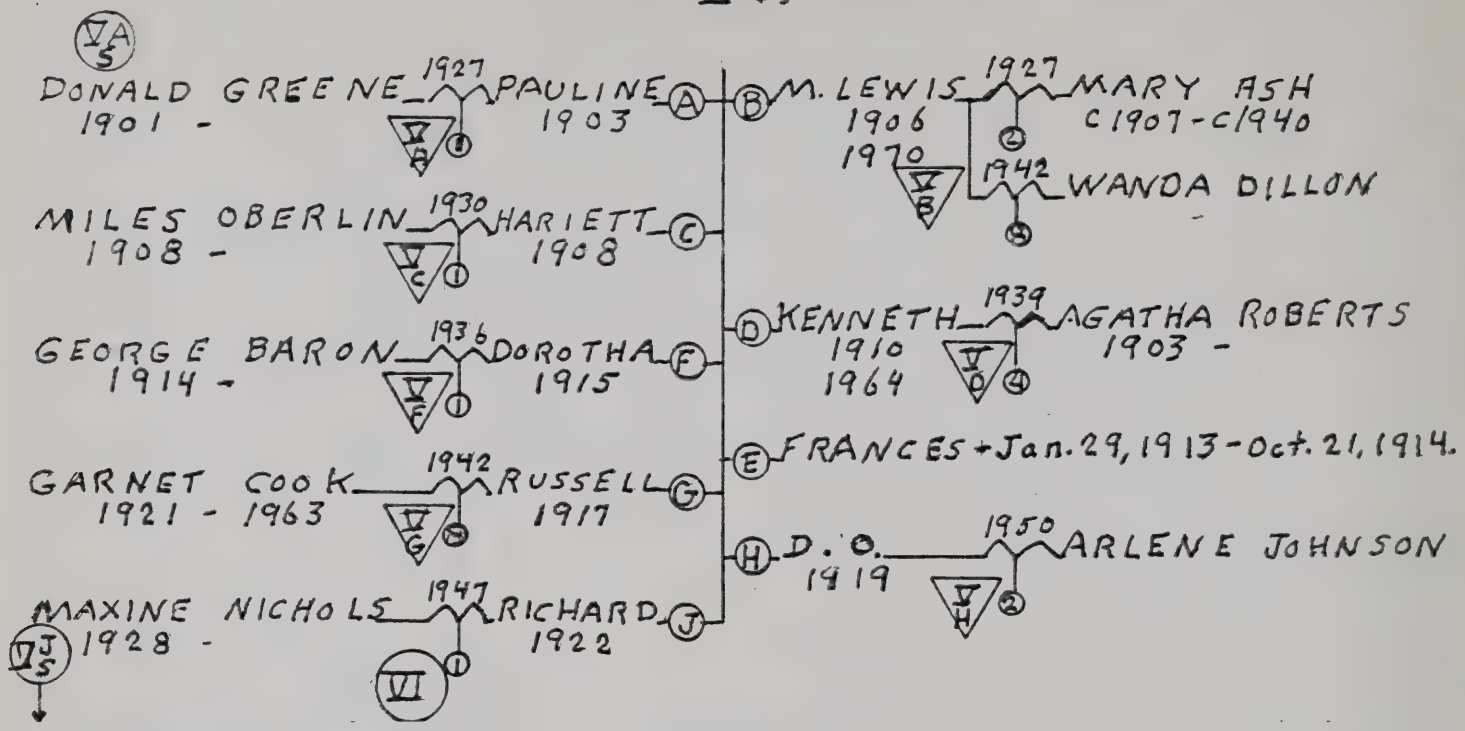
This is where Grandma Steele went to "College" for a 12 week term. Her father brought food and fire wood down the river to them by river raft. He'd "go to mill" at Orangeville.

by Mrs G. Strong via Harriet Oberlin.

V

WALLACE & EVA STEELE WASSON

IV (b)



NICHOLS' FAMILY

V J-S

II SIMON — CATHERINE ROBERTSON

III ROBERTSON
C1866 - C1940
— BIRD ROBERTS
C1870 - C1939
— MARY
— EVA

IV SIMON
4-18-1889
3-31-1960
— HAZEL WELCH
2-17-1900
10-11-1979

PARLIA
C1902
— HARVEY HULL
1

MADELINE
C1904
— BEECHER LEMON
3

V WAYNE 3 — JENETT -

2 — MARILYN NEWTON

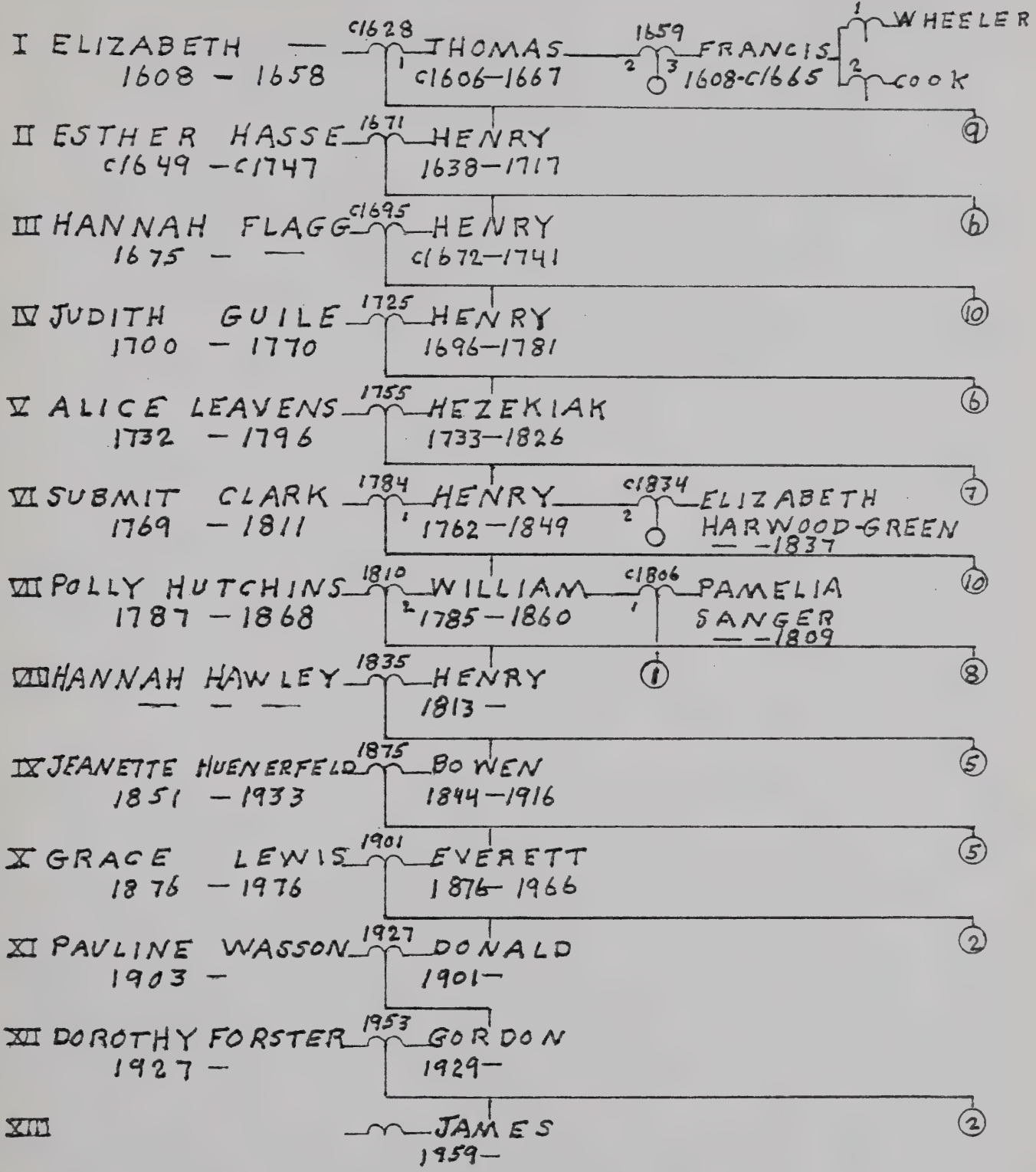
1 C1948 — GARCILE SMITH
MONTE

BETTY
4-14-1925
— IVAN BROWN
C1922

MAXINE
11-15-1928
1947
— RICHARD WASSON
3/9/1922-
1 See Wasson Tree V J

GREENE FAMILY TREE

LEICESTER, ENGLAND TO AMERICA c1635



XI FROM WASSON FAMILY-VA

V A From V

V PAULINE LILLIAN WASSON Aug. 31, 1903 - 1927 DONALDSON LEWIS GREENE Oct. 14, 1901 -

VI Gordon 12-13-1929 1953 Dorothy Forster 11/29/1927

VII David-1957 James-1959

V PAULINE LILLIAN WASSON: b Aug.31,1903 in St Joe,Indiana,Concord Twp.
m.Dec.24,1927 in Geneva,N.Y.
DONALDSON LEWIS GREENE: b.Oct.14,1901 in Ellicottville,New York.
See attached pages for autobiographies.

VI GORDON ARTHUR GREENE:b.Dec.13,1929 in Geneva,N.Y.
m.Sept.12,1953 in New orleans,Louisiana.
DOROTHY ANNE FORSTER:b.Nov.29,1927 in New Orleans,La.

VII DAVID WILLIAM GREENE:b.Mar.11,1957 in Lewisburg Hospital,Lewisburg,Pa.
JAMES DONALD GREENE:b.June 16,1959 in Alburquerque Hospital,New Mexico.

Dave and Jim. were both active in school sports.They played quite a bit of basketball and Jim was fortunate in attending the Summer Basketball Camp operated by John Wooden,Head Coach of UCLA for their instructor.

The boys played baseball one year with Dave the pitcher and Jim the catcher. Both boys are good golfers and Jim hasbeen a member of the High School Team for a couple of years.

They are also experienced gardners having worked in the preperation of the soil for the lawn at their new home.

Dave is the proud owner of a Dodge Charger and Jim is also proud of his Vega.

In their earlier years they were on many fishing and camping trips with their parents in their camper. Fishing in the High Sierra and camping in Death Valley and many other spots throught the far west. Their longest trip in the camper being to Reading,Pa. to see their grandparents and Canandaigua,N.Y. to see their great grandparents. They also stopped to see several of their cousins in Michigan and Indiana,spending a few days on the lake in Michigan.

Gordon Arthur Greene born in the Geneva General Hospital at Geneva,N.Y. First three years of school attended grade school in Geneva; One year in the Wyomissing,Pa.school and the remaining years as a student in the West Reading,Pa. schools. Graduated West Reading in 1949 after completeing a Scientific Course. He received the National Science Award from Baush and Lomb,at graduation.

His life has always been active,staring with the Cub Scouts,then to Boy Scouts and became a Life Scout.He constructed model airplanes and was a member of the local club;" The Flying Dutchman".He was interestd in Radio;Building his own sets and received his "Ham" license. He was a member of the Civil Air Patrol and later a member of the Naval Reserve.

At school he played football-Jr.High-2 yrs. and Sr.High-4 yrs. He was co-Captain of the team 2 yrs during which they won the County Championship one year.He was on the Varsity Tennis Team; A member of the MacDowell Chorus;Co-Editor of the High School Year book-the Vaquero. He was also elected a member of the National Honor Society.

During the summer of 1949 he worked for GAI-Tronics, an electronic firm in Reading. He also installed an Inter-com system in the home of Mr. Scott Althouse, President of the Althouse Chemical Co.

There were summer trips to his grandparents farm in New York State where he learned to use a gun and later went hunting with his Uncle Harold and his father, getting a rabbit with his first shot and later a pheasant.

He enjoyed the trips to Cornell U. with his father who was doing some engineering for them. Dean Hollister reviewed Gordons application for admittance to Cornell and was quite impressed with his H.S. record. He provided a guide to visit their new atom accelerator that happened to be making its first test run that day. Gordon thought at that time he would like to attend Cornell. He was accepted at both Cornell and Penn State but chose the smaller school-Bucknell University at Lewisburg, Pa.

1949-Sept. Enrolled as Electrical Engineering student at Bucknell, U. Attended 1½ years. While there he was photograpgher for the year Book.

1950-Dec. Enlisted in the Air Force and received his basic training at Lackland AF Base, Texas. Was sent to Keesler Field, Biloxi, Miss. and remained there until discharged- Dec. 1953.

1953-Sept. 12 MARRIED Dorothy Forster, a nice New Orleans girl. They lived off base and Dottie worked on base. Upon being discharged with the rank of Sargent, they came to Reading and lived with his parents for the next eight months. He worked for Gilbert Associates during that time and Dottie worked at the Penn Optical Co.

1954-Sept. He returned to Bucknell and received his B.S. degree in E.E. June 1957. On Mar. 11, 1957 their son David was born at the Lewisberg Hospital. After graduation he accepted a position with the Sandia Corp. in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He made the trip by car with their dog "Static"; Dottie and baby flew down at a later date. They enjoyed their five years in N.M. where their second son was born in the Albuquerque Hospital, June 16, 1959 - James Donald.

1962-Spring. he accepted a position with the Naval Ordinance Test Station at China Lake, Calif., which is now known as the Naval Weapons Center. A baby girl, Diane Marie was born July 12, 1962 but did not survive. These have been interesting years. He designed a new Lab. for NWC which he then used for his research work. He later designed a new High Speed Camera which being used in his Lab.

1972-Jan. They bought a new home at 801 Mamie St., Ridgecrest, Calif. 93555, a town just outside th Naval Base. Then began gardening and all the things involved in establishing a new home.

1976-Jan. He was promoted to Branch Head. The past fifteen years as a Research Physicist in basic research of explosives and development of Detonators, has been very interesting. After a fatality occured he was asked to develope a Safety Program for some of the operations on the base and provide instructions for same. There is considerable travel involved with his work, both domestic and foriegn. He worked on a containment plan for possible large liquedified gas spills . His latest and one of the very interesting projects has been acting as consultant to NASA on the "Space-Orbiter, Enterprise". Dottie and he were honored to witness the first test flight at Edwards air Base nearby. He is looking forward to the first seperation flight in the near future. He has received several citations and has two patents that have been accepted.

Dave will com plete his second year of college and Jim will graduate from Burroughs H.S. in June 1977. Dottie began work in an office on the base in Dec. 1976.

The two beagles, Snoopy and Lady keep things under control at the house during their absence.

VA3
DONALD

I was born in the small town of Ellicottville,N.Y.located near Salamanca,along the border of the state of Penna.south of Buffalo. My father was a fireman on the B.R.& P.R.R. He left the R.R. and join- the Bordens Condensed Co. at Ellicottville,he was later transferred to Norwich,N.Y. but after 13 years service with them decided he would rather be a farmer. I graduated from the nearby Rushville H.S. and after working one year entered Tri-State College(University) where I met a wonderful girl,who became my wife after graduation.

Pauline has outlined our life very well so I will only cover the high spots of my engineering life.

After our marriage in 1927 I was still with the construction division, always on the move,while Pauline was teaching in Corning and Horseheads. Fortunately for us the stock market crash of 1929 changed the picture. I was transferred to the local Electric company in Geneva,N.Y.to a perm- anent position,just a few months before Gordon was born.I designed Sub Stations and was the entire Electric department until the depression caught up with us.Several people were let go until they reached the bottom of the barrel(me).I became clerk and jack-of-all-trades - - but I was still on the payroll,with several cuts in wages(35-40%).

In 1937 I accepted a position with the holding companies engineering department in Reading,Pa. I was Electrical Engineer on many projects however my main function was the design of high voltage sub stations.

In 1942 our campany was reorganized as an employee owned stock company. The stock we purchased at that time was well invested as it turned out 30 years later. For the next eight years I spent most of my time as Electrical Engineer on Power Plants,when in 1952 I was promoted to Ass't Chief Electrical Engineer.The next ten years were very busy with many new and large projects,extensive work in the steel companies and larger Power Plants. I was also active in my Technical Society the A.I.E.E. and the Professional Engineering Society. I was local manager and later Section chairman and in 1959 was elected Vice President of the national organization,taking office at a meeting in Seattle,Washington.Upon my return from Okinawa I was honored by my election to FELLOW of the Institute,which was now known as I.E.E.E.

Sept.1960 I accepted an offer by my company to be the Operating Electrical Engineer for the utility installation on Okinawa. This was to be for one or two years but we found it to be so interesting we stayed five years.We enjoyed our stay on Okinawa as Pauline has described in Her story,however we were glad to return home. I returned to my job in Reading as Engineering Consultant and retired in October 1966.

My lifes work as an engineer has been very rewarding and satisfying and I would recommend it to most boys if they are willing to work at some- thing interesting and creative.

Retirement life has continued to be busy-I often wonder how I got things done when I was working.Three or four days golfing each week during a long season takes up a lot of time;A few motor trips,some fishing and hunting and a year is soon gone. The past two winters we have devoted a lot of time to the preperation of this"Family History" and my own family (Greene) story which is 13 generations in length.

I hope that future generations will profit by the information contained in this story;I know it will make it a little easier for some one. QED.

PAULINE LILLIAN WASSON GREENE

I was born Aug.31,1903. My parents Wallace M. Wasson amd Eva Steele Wasson lived in St.Joe,Ind. a small town in Concord Twp.,DeKalb County. We moved to New Haven,Ind.a suburb of Ft.Wayne,in 1904.

There are some things that happened while living in New Haven that are easily recalled. I had been asked to be a flower girl at a wedding,but I became ill with typhoid fever and could not do it. That was a great disappointment to a little four year girl. Dr.Clark had the first auto that I had ever seen. Another vivid memory was the period of time that my fathers brother lived with us. He liked his nip and my mother objected. He convinced my mother that horehound candy in a cup of whiskey made wonderful cough syrup. Mother gave permission-I ate the horehound candy and uncle Gary had his cough syrup.

My first brother Lewis,was born in New Haven. We moved back to KeKalb county near my grandparents a couple of years later. Grandfather Louis, whom we called "Daddy" was a jolly man who knew how to make children happy. He was the owner of a large threshing machine and would take us riding on his farm. He also put up a swing in a big tree in his lawn. Easter was a big day at his house.Daddy collected as many different eggs as he could find and enjoyed showing them to us.

My grandmother was well known among her neighbors and friends as the person to call if help was needed.Her horse and buggy was always available. To her embarassment,one day a friend called,she put her bread dough in the back of the buggy,completely forgetting it. Grandfather was surprised that evening to see dough creeping from the back of the buggy-a warm summer day was responsible for the mess.

My sister Harriet was born and I began my schooling at a rural school 1½ miles from home. My teachers name was Grace Kain. I adored her and decided to become a teacher some day.

Walking to school did offer some consolation, as there was a store at the village of Concord owned by Mr.Baker,who often gave us candy. One day Mr.Baker offered me a wooden bucket half filled with candy that had melted into a solid mass. I accepted and managed to carry and drag it home.

I continued to attend rural schools through eight grades.Graduation from eighth grade was a serious matter. We had to go to Auburn,the County seat where the County Superintendent opened the sealed questions. We were given a limited time for writing our answers.The papers were collected,graded and reports made to the Trustee of our Twp..He in turn reported to our teacher and we then learned if we had passed the examination.

Graduation was a big event.We again went to Auburn,diplomas were handed out and a picture taken of graduates in the county. My Uncle Lou.presented me with a golden locket that day.I was so pleased.This was June 1917.In Sept of that year I started to High School in St.Joe. Unfortunately I had to drop out at midterm due to the serious illness of my mother.There were five children at that time.

Sept.1918 I again entered St.Joe H.S. and graduated in 1922 with honors.Roy Maxwell was principal at that time and I was pleased to return as one of his teachers at a later date. The Spring Term,1922 I entered Tri-State College,now Tri-Stat University. After 18 weeks of study I took the examination for a teachers certificate.

My Uncle Lou Howey was Trustee of Jackson Twp. and hired me to teach at a rural school,near his home. I roomed at his house and was paid $80.00 a month. I was very pleased as I had a loan of $100.00 to be repaid at the St.Joe Bank.

This rural school was very pretty,a stone building with an arched entrance set back about ¼ mile from the road. I had to walk ½ mile to school and do my own janitorial,but keeping the fire burning in the wood burning stove was a challenge. The older boys carried the wood into the building. I had a total of 21 students-19 boys and two girls. The group included all eight grades. I managed quite well with the exception of one Monday morning when I opened the stove to start the fire, a bat flew out,giving me a fright scattering soot all over the room. Our drinking water came from a pump outside and the air-conditioned toilets were located at the rear of the lot.

Each summer I returned to TSC.for eighteen weeks study. In Sept.1923 I began teaching grades three and four at St.Joe school, a position I held for four years.The number of pupils varied between 40 and 50. My sister Dorotha and brother Russell were among my students and I considered it a privelege to have been their teacher.

I graduated from Tri-State June 1925. In addition to receiving a good education,I met an Engineering student,Donald L.Greene,who later became my husband.Moonlight on those Indiana lakes can be beautiful especially when you are listening to Don. playing the mandolin while I rowed the boat.

1927-August,I went to Corning,N.Y.to teach one of the four first grades at the North Side School.This was my second auto trip from Indiand to N.Y. state alone and I admit I was frightened.I roomed at the home of Arthur and Elizabeth Smith,125 W. Pultney St.They were very kind and made me feel like one of their family.

1927-December 24- I became Mrs Donald Greene. I was very happy about my marriage but learned that my contract would not be honored another year as North Side employed no married women. The year in Corning was an interesting one,visiting Corning Glass and Hawk's Cut Glass.
One of our prized possessions is a vase-Blue Aurene by Frederick Carder given to us as a wedding gift from my fellow teachers.

Mr.Gordon Reidenour,a teacher at South Side Corning and I went to Horseheads,N.Y.,he as principal and I as a first grade teacher.

My teaching career ended with the birth of our son,Gordon,Dec.13,1929. My husband had become an employee of the Empire Gas & Electric Co. at Geneva,N.Y. Our first home in Geneva was 29 Lyceum St.,second house N. Genessee St. and later 134 Optical St.Our ten years in Geneva were pleasant,near Don's family and having the beautiful Seneca Lake for picnics, swimming and fishing. The winters were snowy and cold-I remember the day it was -34 degrees.

Gordon started to school and once again I became active in school work. I did substitute teaching,became President of the P.T.A. and attended the state P.T.A. meeting in Buffalo.

1937-April,Don took a position as Electrical Engineer with the E.M. Gilbert Engineering Co. at Reading,Pa. We moved to Grand Blvd.Wyomissing,

1938-March We moved back to Geneva due to lack of work at Gilberts. This time we lived in a new house on Reed St. Don was called back to Gilberts,Dec.1938. We moved to 115 S. 7th.Ave.,West Reading and lived there 15 years. We enjoyed the nearby playground with its nice swimming pool and the Reading Art Museum one of the finest. Gordon graduated from W.R.-H.S.-1949.

The years in W.R. were busy ones,Den Mother for Cub Scouts,Sunday School Teacher at First Presbyterian Church,S.5th.St.Reading-President of the W.R.Womens Club,Organized Block Leaders for all of W.R. during World War 11-Sold War Bonds- took First Aid Instruction and became an Emergency Driver and had to report when an Alert was sounded.

1941-Dec. opened a new adventure.I helped to organize the Reading-Berks County USO. Served as Secretary of the Board-as a volunteer Hostess and Chairman of the Junior Hostess Committee. In that capacity I interviewed girls,received their applications and followed up on references. I ended up with over 1000 girls registered for duty as Junior Hostesses at the club and to go to clubs at Indiantown Gap Army Base, Spatz Field Air Base and Valley Forge Hospital. Another first was going to Hopewell State Park,near Birdsboro where a Rest Camp had been established for Navy Men from several foreign Countries. At one time there were English,French and Dutch Seamen in at the same time.

Our first USO club was located in the Y.M.C.A..Later we moved to the Y.W.C.A. Buses came to the club several times a week to take girls and chaperones to the various military camps. The club was open from 10:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. with a senior Hostess on duty at all times. Pool Table,Table Tennis,Music,card-playing or just a chance to talk with someone not in uniform gave us the name "Home Away from Home".
In addition to the USO Board there was a club Director in Charge of the club.The first Director resigned in May 1943 and I became Director and continued in that capacity until I closed the club in Sept.1945.

In recognition of the service to Indiantown Gap,General Barth honored Govenor Fine and me by having us review the Troops.Gen. Barth said I was the first female to be so honored.

The summer (1944) of USO activity at Hopewell was one of many unexpected surprises. The British Royal Navy Battle ship "Nelson" was in dry dock at Philadelphia Navy Yard eight months for repairs. There was great secrecy concerning this event,even the name of the ship was supposed to be kept secret.

200 of the ships complement with two officers were brought to Hopewell each week for R & R.The exchange of ideas,listening to the Queen's English and so many things made it a pleasure to be involved in the program.We took sandwiches,cookies and juice for punch for refreshments. Canned Juice being on the rationed list,we begged for contributions. One night we were pleased to have approximately five gallons of fruit juice to which we planned to add orange ice to make if festive. Wanting to assist,one of the sailors volunteered to go to the bus for the ice. To our shocked surprise he came back carrying a block of dry ice in his hands. We told him to drop it quick ly- he did-right into our large container of juice. It started to foam and the poor man stood there saying "won't it ever stop biling", We were so disappointed but had to suppress our laughter. For fear of poisoning we dumped the whole lot.

A friend and I were invited to Philadelphiaas guests of the Captain for tea on the "Nelson". My husband and I were later dinner gueste on on board.We in turn had five of the young officers as house guests in Nov. We had a typical American Thanksgiving dinner-Turkey etc.Even cold beer was bought for the occaision only to find the English prefer warm beer. Comdr. William Athey was one of our guests and twenty years later we were guests in their home in England.

I had become a member of the Aletha Chapter,Order of Eastern Star #461- Feb.1939. Became an officer and helped initiate Don. in 1942.He became Worthy Patron of our Chapter in May 1942 and served in that capacity until August 1960. I was Worthy Matron 1946-47 and attended Grand Chapter meeting at Appolo.Pa.

When the Korean war began I was again asked to open the USO club at the Y.W.C.A. which was operated on the same plan as during World War 11. We closed the doors Sept.1953.

1954- I was elected a member of the National USO Committee and attended National Meetings in Washington,D.C. At one meeting when President Eisenhour was in office I attended a reception hosted by Pres.Eisenhour, who was Honorary Pres. of the USO. Met Bob Hope who was beibg honored a this meeting.

In the meantime Gordon had completed 1½ years at Bucknell University. The Korean War caused much unrest on the campus. Gordon and several other young men enlisted in the AirForce. He was sent to Lackland Field in Texas for Basic Training and then to Keesler Field,Biloxi,Miss. where he remained until he was discharged in 1953.

1953-April 1, Don and I bought and moved into our present home at 3605 Grant St.,Reiffton,Reading,Pa.19606. We both were delighted with it,a lovely home, nice lawn and room for many flowers,Roses being my favorite. We liked the location also because it is only minutes from Bowl-A-Rama where we bowl and about one mile from the Reading Country Club where we both play golf.

After leaving the service Gordon returned to Bucknell to complete his B.S. in Electrical Engineering. Dottie worked at the University until the birth of our first grandson,David. Upon graduation accepted a position with the Sandia Corp. at Albuquerque,New Mexico. Dottie and baby David remained with us until Gordon had found a place to live. Dave had his first plane ride at the age of four months.

I was active in church work once more,President of the Womens Association 1954/55,A Trustee of the Church 1959/60.I am a member of the Reading Medical Center and Community General Hospital Auxiliaries.

Each year we motored up to New York State twice to visit Don's family, out to Indiana once and had our Annual plane trip in December to be with Gordon and family at Christmas.

We continued to improve our home by having a patio,with an awning, built at the rear of the house. It has been a pleasure to entertain out there or just relax. Always new shrubs to be planted and plenty of work for both of us in the yard.

1959 I had volunteered to go to Albuquerque to care for grandson David, while awaiting the birth of our second grandchild.What was to have been two weeks extended into six weeks,James arrived-June 16,1959. I did get to see much more of New Mexico than I had planned.

Don had been very active in what was A.I.E.E. at that time and was to attend the Summer General Meeting in Seattle in June. He flew down to see his second grandson as well as the as other members of the family. I joined him for the trip to Seattle-We stopped over at Salt Lake City enroute and found this to be a very beautiful place. We proceeded to Seattle where Don became Vice-Pres.of A.I.E.E.In this capacity,Don. traveled a lot attending meetings. I was fortunate in traveling with him to many places-to mention a few:New Orleans,La.,Denver Col.,Los Angeles and San Francisco,Calif.,New York City. We also visited Grand Canyon,Yellow Stone,Grand Tetons and so many places of interest at each city.

1960 was a year never to be forgotten. Don was asked by his Company to go to Okinawa. We had one month to prepare for this great adventure: rent our home, sell some things,put some in storage and pack others for shipment. To complicate the issue my doctor had told me I was developing cataracts in both eyes. We flew to Albuquerque to say good-bye to our children then on to Los Angeles where we boarded a Pan Am plane for our flight to Honolulu. We remained there for one day to take a brief look at Hawaii:Another plane to Tokyo and after a brief stay boarded a Northwest plane for our final leg of the long journey.

We arrived at Naha Airport,Sept.14,1960 on a very hot day,not a very good introduction to the Orient. Several people met us at the Airport and took us to our first home in Okinawa. It was a temporary home until the new home was completed. This house left much to be desired but in six months we were in our new home,which was very nice.It was high on a hillside overlooking the China Sea and several Military installations including Hamby Field, the Base of the Helicopters. At times they seemed at eye level as they flew by our house.

We settled into an entirely new way of life and found it very interesting. Asoto,our gardner,who must have born with two green thumbs,our little maid Hatsuko,who was so capable and kind; Anything you mentioned, her answer was always "me do".She had been trained in sewing,tailoring, hair dressing and wanted to learn to cook.I solved that problem by buying a cookbook that included all receipies in both English and Japanese.

Being a lover of flowers,Okinawa was paradise; Hibiscus,Thousands of Easter Lilies at Easter,double Poinsettas as high as our house at Christmas.I must not forget to mention the "Flower Girls" who climbed our hill with big tubs of flowers on their heads. With your purchase they insisted in giving you a " Presento".

We had a very nice little dog-Muggs,and a Siamese cat-Neko who helped to make my days of darkness bearable.My eyesight deteriorated rapidly and I had several months of blindness. I was so fortunate in having a loving husband,who was so patient,our little maid, who was so kind,friends who were thoughtful, a very modern Military Hospital,an excellent eye surgeon,Dr.William Bushnell and a nice Catholic Sister Mary at the clinic who fitted me with contacts.I spent one whole month in the Hospital and from Feb.1 to Sept.1 being checked by both Dr.Bushnell and Sister Mary. I attriute my sight being restored to these wonderful people.

With my new contacts,Oct.1962,we came back for our first visit to the USA. Don had 30 days leave every two years. Each trip was different; this time we flew from Naha to Honolulu to Travis Military Air Base about 75 miles north of San Francisco. A driver met us and drove us to the airport near San Francisco. We flew east to be see friends and family then back to Albuquerque to be with Gordon and family. From there to San Francisco where a driver again met us for our return on MATS via Travis. The return was through Anchorage,Alaska and we saw a bit of the destruction due to the Earthquake on Easter a few months earlier.This trip we refueled at Midway and on to Naha.

With my sight restored I again became a busy person,shopping at the P.X. as well as the facinating shops in Naha and Koza,having dinner at the Officers Clubs,riding around the island to see the sights,Our longest trip on island was up to the R.R.Camp at Okuma.After all one cannot travel too far on an island,64 miles long-14 miles wide at the widest point and 2 miles wide where we lived.One thing always troubled me; the Pacific Ocean was on the East and the China Sea the west.

I became a member of the Military Engineers Wives Club and served as President. It was fun planning something different; We had a "Gay Nineties Party"-everyone came in costume,with a Can-Can Chorus. Another party was "Around the World in One Day". So many people from different countries, all in native dress was so festive. Another fun night was WPA (wives pay all) Quarters appeared in most unlikely places from decorations in the hair to buckles on the shoes. We had a Fersommling (Pa.Dutch Party) at our home which was enjoyed. Hatsuko made sun bonnets for each lady and we had red bandanna kerchiefs for the men.

We entertained many Okinawan friends at our home-most had never been in an American home. The wives and children were so pleased to be included in our invitations. Mr.& Mrs.Matsuoka were among our guests. He had graduated in the class of 1924 at Tri-State with Don. He had recently been appointed Chief Executive of the Ryukyus Islands.

I did a lot of Bowling and played some golf.Being a military course with so many wanting to play,it was hard for women to get to play. One day a friend of mine and I teed off at daybreak;on the second hole we looked up and the sky was filled with parachutes,dropping all around us. We had not been told that the Golf Course was being used as a drop zone, that morning.

Living on Okinawa one learned to accept,slight earthquakes,tropical storms and typhoons. When you went into Condition #3, windows were covered; When you reached Condition #1, Don had gone on duty at the office, the phone and electricty usually went off;The dog and cat kept me company. After several hours I would tie a clothes line on to the dogs collar and push her out. She would have been blown away otherwise.

Having 30 days leave every two years gave us an oppurtunity to travel. 1963-Nov.2, The Okinawa Shrine Club had a chartered plane flight to Taiwan. As we were leaving the Sungshan Airport at Taipei there were several explosions. We thought Red China had landed but were informed it was The Presidents birthday and celebrations with fire crackers continued all week.

General Wego Chiang was M.C. of the Shrine activities;his wife acted as hostess to the visiting ladies. Dinner at the Grand Hotel was a delight. The ornate building is beyond discription-everything Teak,Jade, Inlay of gold and the beautiful dark red oriental carpeting. Mrs. Chiang entertained at a luncheon,followed by a visit to the National Historical Museum. There were over 10,000 Chinese objects of Chinese art,that had been brought over from the Mainland China.

Don enjoyed playing golf at the Taiwan Golf & Country Club at Tamsui, which was a very old course,having been built by the Japanese when they controlled Taiwan more than 75 years previously.

1963-Dec. We went to the Philippines to visit L.L.Gardner,Vice Pres. of the Manila Electric Co. We missed our flight to Manila but the Navy came to our rescue. They had a big C-130 Cargo plane going to Clark Airfield enroute to Vietnam to Air Vac.injured G.I.'s and offered us a ride; An Airplane Motor,four Medics,Don and I were the only passengers. Upon arrival at Clark,a Major with a staff car was there to meet us.He apologized for not having a Star Flag on the car.We were driven to the Officers Club where a Col.friend met us for lunch. Again a staff car drove us to the gate. Tomas,a chauffer for the Manila Electric Co. was waiting and drove us the 75 miles to Manila.

Holiday time in Manila is Party Time;Sometimes two in an evening. Dec.24 Lee Gardner,Don and I drove 125 miles north to Baguio where we joined eight other couples for one week. A beautiful spot-two golf courses,Fern trees taller than the house and cool enough for a fire in the fire place. Gin and Bridge each day and golf at the John Hays and Baguio Golf and Country Clubs.

Returned to Manila and drove 75 miles south to Botocan,which is a sub tropical area,orchids growing on the trees,papayas,coconuts,etc. The height of the bamboo trees is beyond description,with monkeys swinging and chattering. We visited a hydro electric power plant, located in the bottom of a gorge,that Don had worked on 25 years ago.

1964-April. We joined a tour group for a trip to Hong-Kong;we went over on the ship President Hoover with hardly a ripple on the sea. Much to see and do;sight seeing by bus to the New Territories north of Kowloon and having Red Chinese Guards watch us as we stood at the border looking over into desolate Red China.

The bay between Hong-Kong and Kowloon with ships from many parts of the world;Repulse Bay with the Boat People,who are born,live and die on thoses small junks;the resettlement area with the hundreds of apartments.Each building is self contained-shops for work on the ground floor, living quarters above and a school on the top of each building;these are for the people who escaped Red China and were living in tin shacks on the sides of the hills nearby. The main part of the city is very modern with high buildings and millions of lights at night.They said there was no place to go-except up.

Shopping was quite an experience- everything in clothing,shoes,bags, etc.made to order in a few hours. Gems of every description,Linens and Woolens also a good buy. We heard quite a lecture on diamonds and Don purchased a beautiful ring for me.

Kowloon has a more old China atmosphere;Rickshaws,Chinese Opera,etc. There is Tea each afternoon at the old Peninsula Hotel,which is very British.

Before leaving the Okinawa story there are one or two things I have not included;I became a member of L.O.S.N.A.,Hawaii Court #60,Honolulu. Also at the National USO Meeting I attended in Washington,D.C. the year previously, I voted for Capital Funding to establish a USO club on Okinawa. Little did I dream that I would be there when the club was dedicated.USO had transferred my resonsibilities to the Okinawa USO. Don and I both served on the USO committee while on the Island.There was one frightening experience;a typhoom had struck the island during one of our trips back to the U.S.A. The rain had loosened a huge rock high on the hill above our house; The Army had ordered the evacuation of the houses in our area.When we landed at the Airport we were told we could not return to our home. A badly frightened Hatsuko had taken the pets to her home. The Army succeded in breaking up the rock for removal and we were able to return in one week.

1965-June was the date decided upon for our return to our home in Reading. Again there was the period of selling and packing. We had ordered a new Chrysler New Yorker (car) through London for delivery in Reno,Nev. It was sad to bid goodbye to our friends,most of whom we knew we would never meet again.To complicate our leaving,atropical storm hit the island the day of our departure-water-water everywhere.

In spite of the storm many friends braved the storm to come to the Kadena Airport to tell us goodbye; Mr.&Mrs Matsuka,Chief Executive of the Islands among them. We felt greatly honored that they braved the storm.

Of our many flights across the Pacific,this last one was to give us a bit of tension.It was to be the first non-stop flight between Okinawa and Travis Air Force Base,California;Heavily loaded with over 300 passengers,extra fuel for the long flight and a stormy night. The plane taxied out on a runway and remained there forty-five minutes with no explanation. Fire equipment and ambulances came out along the runway. In time a plane landed and then it was announced that we had been held up for a crippled plane from Vietnam that they had expected might crash. What we did not know,our friends had misgivings about our plane becoming airborne before we reached the China Sea.What had been a two day trip in 1960 was a ten hour trip in 1965.

Friends met us at Travis and drove us the Reno to pick up our new car. To our surprise and dismay, the dealer that was to have our car had gone out of business after about 40 years at this place.After much confusion and frustration we were told there was a new car meeting the description,standing on a lot across town. It proved to be the car we had ordered but minus license plates,which were to have been sent from Harrisburg to this dealer. The purchase of a ten dollar temporary(3 day) permit let us proceed on our way,and we left Reno.

We drove past beautiful Lake Tahoe on our way to visit friends in Merced,Calif.;Doug. and Ida Robertson who had been on Okinawa with us. We visited-Leisure World at Walnut Creek and Yosemite Park before going on to China Lake to see Gordon and his family. A telephone call to Pa. assured us the license plates would be sent special delivery.

We started our motor trip across country,visiting many friends enroute. Eschbachs in Albuquerque,Col.Minson's at Ft.Sill,Okla.,Major Smith's at Ft.Riley,Kan.,George Corey's at Moline,Ill.,Charley Fletcher's at Nappannee,Ind.,my family in Ind.,Don's family at Rushville,N.Y.,George Dana's at Binghamton and finally arrived home July 26,1965.

We were very disturbed to find our house had been so badly abused. With trash hauled away,painters called in and new carpet installed we felt we had a good start.However we were due for another shock;when our over seas shipment arrived we found most of the cartons wet and the contents damaged. The cartons had become wet the day of the tropical storm in Okinawa and had been shipped in that condition. The contents were dumped on the floor of the patio to await the inspection of the insurance adjuster. So many beautifulthings that couldn't be replaced.

In due time we got our things out of local storage and what we were able to salvage from the over seas shipment,we now have a modified Oriental Decor,which we enjoy.

1966-Oct.31 Don retired from Gilbert Associates,Inc.From now on more golf at the Reading Country Club and Bowling,which we had enjoyed before going over seas.Don also goes deer hunting,fishing and small game hunting.

I became President of our Reading Country Club Bowling League and with the assistance of Laura Keene,who had been on Okinawa,we planned our Annual Bonquet with an Oriental Theme;decorations,favors,food to be eaten with chop sticks and the committee dressed in Kimono's.

1967-April We learned that Mr. Tominaga and family would be coming to Reading to spend one year of study of Utility Management. He was Don's right man in the Okinawa electric co.He spent a few weeks with Gilbert Associates and the balance of the year with the Metropolitan Edison Co. the local Utility Co.We were delighted to make all arrangements for their arrival. We got them a new apartment in our neighborhood;made plans for rental furniture and we had the place complete even to food in the refrigerator.

Don and I met Tomi.,Miyoko,Chihiro and Masaya,their two young sons, at the Phila.Airport Port about midnight. to see the surprise and pleasure on their faces when they entered the apartment was well worth the work. The next morning we went over for further orientation and to explain the operation of the modern appliances:dishwasher,washer,dryer,etc. Also to tell them we had made arrangements for Chihiro to attend school. I went with Miyoko and boys to school and said I would tutor Chihiro. He was in the third grade at home. As it turned out I not only tutored Chihiro but his mother and his 4 year old brother.I doubt if I have ever had a more rewarding experience.

Christmas and New Years were memorable events. Don took Tomi and the boys out to cut their own Christmas tree. We shared our trimmings and told the children of Santa's visit. They trimmed their tree and went to church with us Christmas Eve. We took gifts over about 1:00 A.M. after the boys were in bed. New Years eve they were guests in our home; we explained the tradition of Times Square etc.They had a car at their disposal and took many trips.They did very well with the road maps and signs going to NiagaraFalls on one trip then a long trip through Washington,D.C.,Atlantic City and home. Feb.28,1968 we drove them to Phila. for their trip back to Okinawa,another sad departure. Glad to report that Miyoko and the boys continue with their English and are fine young men. Miyoko continues with her Radio work and was in Mexico City as the representative of Japan to the International Woman's Conference.

1968-Sept.5 we made a motor trip to Calif. While there we joined Gordon and family for a trip to Death Valley in their Camper. That was a first for us and was very enjoyable.One cannot explain the quietness of the night in that area. The coyotes came to serenade as we sat around the campfire.We had several nice trips-Mamouth,Devils Post Pile, and many more.

1969-May 29 We accepted the invitation of Bill and Iris Athey to visit them in England. The temperature was over 100 degrees at Kennedy AirpOrt the day we left. After some delay due to the late arrival of some passengers we cleared customs and taxied far out on a runway. Planes were stacked awaiting permission to land and our plane Awaiting permission to take off. While waiting there weretwo explosions;two of the tires on our plane had blown. It was a complicated job to change those tires with a full load. We had no choice but to wait without air conditioning and no dinner.After a five hour delay we were on our way.

Imagine the look on Bill's face when we told him our late arrival was due to having two flat tires.It was 52 degrees when we landed at Manchester. Bill and Iris drove us to their lovely restored Georgian home at Beverly;it was over 400 years old.Such gracious hosts;tea each day when Bill returned from his Dental Surgery. Hot water bottles in bed each night. They drove us to see much of the area around Beverly and Hull. Their friends entertained us and the home of Doris Harrison-Bradley was espacially interesting. Her late husband had been "Master of the Hunt" and she had so many things of interest: a house full of things that was like a museum.

We were impressed with the history of the Beverly and York minsters. The beautiful Stained Glass Windows were removed and hidden during World War 11;Later they were returned and put back in place. Fortunately the wonderful buildings were spared.

A visit to St.Andrews,the oldest Golf Club in the world(the home of golf) was a must. We took a train to Edinburgh,Scotland; a beautiful city that retains much of its ancient culture.A visit to the Castle and hearing the lecture made it imperative that I buy the book "Mary Queen of Scots". Another train ride to St.Andrews,so quaint and so proper;the caddies wear tweeds,white shirt,necktie and cap.Don enjoyed playing the course several times while I walked and saw many things of interest around the town.

Back to Beverly and plans made for Iris,Don and me to take the train to London. Iris went to the home of her daughter while Don and I stayed at a hotel. The next couple of days we toured London,witnessed the changing of the Guard,visited the building where the beautiful horses are kept and watched an inspection of both horses and riders. Walked past #10 Downing street,saw the Parliament buildings and Westminster Abbey.

I am not fooling when I say"I walked the soles off my shoes".Boarded a plane for our return flight and reached home without incident.

1969-Oct.9 we were so pleased to have Bill and Iris come to visit us. We drove many miles showing them Pennsylvania.Bill was interested in a ride to Hopewell State Park,near Reading where he had spent some time during World War 11.

We had planned a trip to Canada and we had reservations at a Hotel in Niagra Falls,Canada,overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. One amusing incident;Don and I as U.S.citizens crossed the border with no questions asked;Bill and Iris-British subjects had to show their Passports and answer a few questions.

On by motor-through New York State,Ohio and to Indiana to visit my family;My sister Harriet had been stationed in England and was a guest at Athey's home. A brief stay in Ft.Wayne-a ride to the home of my sister,Dorothy,at Lake Lavine,Mich. The return trip was via the Ohio Turnpike and Penna.turnpike;both of interest to the Athey's. Oct.26 Athey's returned to England.

The years 1970 & 1971 found the Greene's making some improvements to our home and garden.There were the twice a year trips to New York State to visit Don's family; out to Indiana at least once a year and the all important trip to California each Dec. to be with Gordon and family for Christmas. The day after our arrival in 1970,we awakened to find four inches of snow on the ground,a most unheard of happening. The children loved it;we came to Calif. to avoid it.

1972-Mar.-Apr. We put an addition on to the kitchen. A great improvment and with new roofing-Aluminum siding,new aluminum storm windows, automatic garage door opener,carpet on the patio and front porch,new awnings on the patio and front porch along with the old shubbery havbeen replaced,we felt most major improvements were made.

1972-June 8 Hurricane Agnes hit this part of Pa. with great distruction of property and loss of life-fortunately it missed us.

1972-July 8 Bill,Marie Snyder,Don and I began our trip to Alaska. We flew to Seattle and were met by our friends Col.& Millie Hunt, whom we had known on Okinawa.We saw several things of interest,the Space Needle from the Worlds Fair,Museum with the largest collection of jade and the boat traffic on the bay.

We flew to Anchorage and that flight over the Canadien Rockies is a beautiful sight.We stayed at the Westward Hotel in Anchorage,saw the results of the earthquake,took several bus trips-McKinley Park,Fairbanks,Alyeska Lodge,the University at Fairbanks was very nice;the visit to the farm to see the Musk Oxen as well as many remaining buildings of the Gold Rush Days.

The Bus trip over the Alcan Highway was dusty.At Whitehorse we boarded the quaint narrow gauge train for the trip to Skagway,a very scenic trip. The train stopped midway at Lake Bennet and everyone got off for lunch that was awaiting us.

We arrived at Skagway in early evening and stayed overnight in one of the old time hotels. The next day we boarded the West Star for our trip down the Inland Waterway Passage. This four day trip was enjoyable,restful and beautiful scenery.There were many icebergs, some with gulls riding. We saw seals and one Bald Eagle. There were several stops along the route,Juneau,the capital and others.

We landed at Victoria,B.C. one of the most beautiful spots in the World. We stayed at the Empress Hotel,visited the Buchart Rose Gardens then went by ferry from Victoria to VanCouver.

The contrast fetween the Royal Magnificence of Victoria and the very modern city of Vancouver was interesting.

Form Vancouver we took a train to Banff,through some more scenic areas. The largeness of the Banff Hotel and the Scottish atmosphere was enjoyable;a very beautiful place.From Banff we took a limousine to Calgary,then by plane to Denver and from Denver back to Philadelphia. A wonderful trip but exhausting.

August 3 We drove to Rochester,N.Y. to meet Gordon,Dottie,Dave and Jim,stopped over night at the farm to see mother Greene,Harold and Esther. Gordon and family were with us ten adys.

Aug.to Dec. was the usual routine-golf,bowling and preperation for our trip to Calif.Dave and Jim took their grandfather golfing. Don was pleased to see them play so well.

Each year,while in Calif.we host a dinner for Gordon & Dottie;Dale & Jane Lowe;Jack & Marg. Prentice- the Latter two couples happen to have Wedding anniversaries within a few days of our anniversary.

1975-July Dave and Jim flew out to visit us for three weeks. We met them at Allentown. The next two weeks were filled with lots of golf and driving around.We then motored to Lake Lavine,Mich. to spend a few days with Dorotha and George.They had a good time at the lake.They departed from the Cleveland,Ohio Airport.

1975-Dec. was special as Harriet had recently returned from Alaska via Australia & New Zealand and we all had a wonderful Christmas at Gordon's home in Calif.

1976-April,18 We were saddened by the death of Mother Greene.We had made great plans for her birthday May 17. She would have been 100 yrs. old had she lived to that date.

1976-Aug. Esther came for a visit;the only inconvienence was that our street was being repaved at that time. We did a lot of driving around the beautiful Pa.Dutch country. After ten days we took her back to her home in New York State.

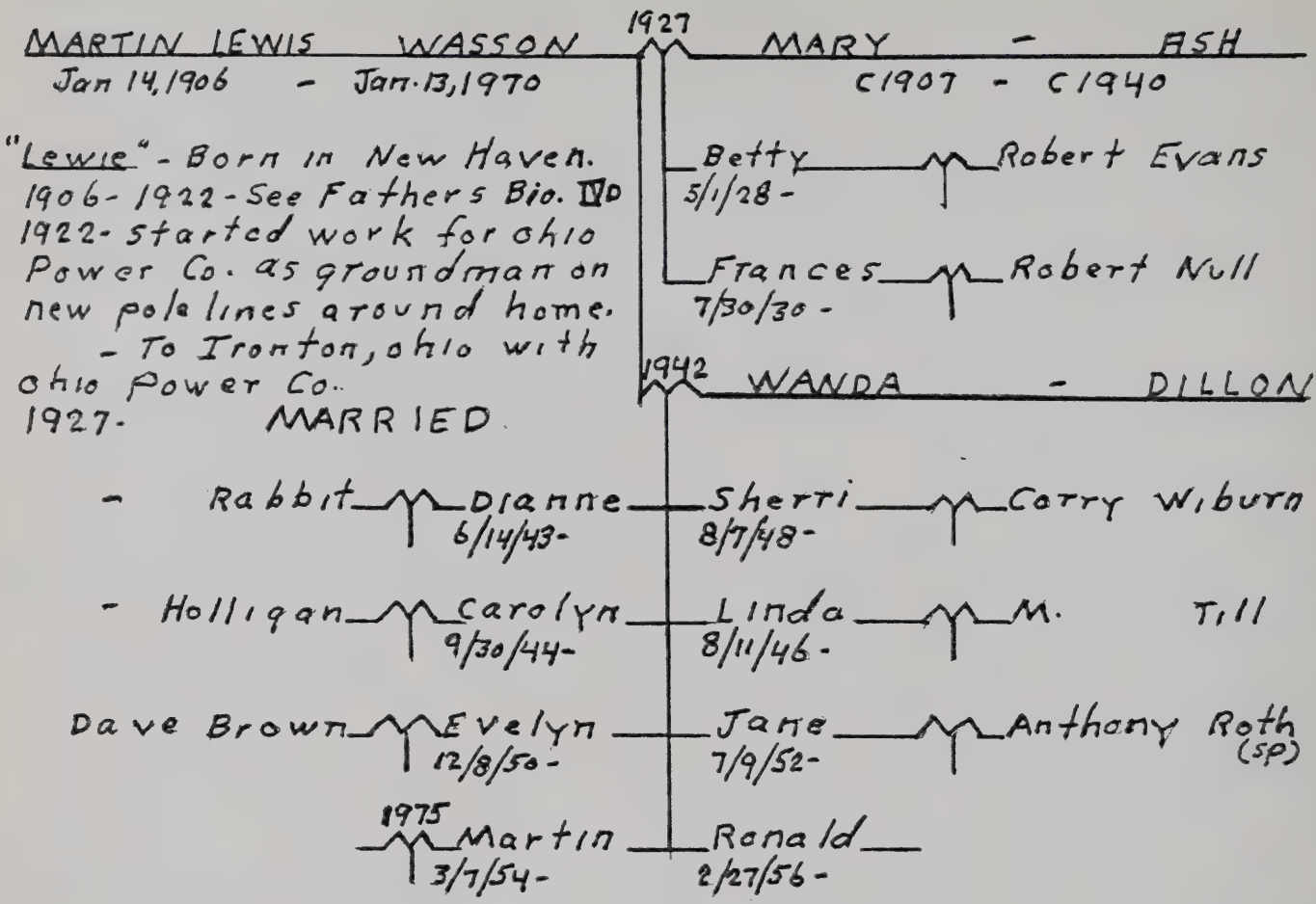
Gordon,Dottie and the boys have made the trip East twice once in their camper. Gordon has been able to stop over a couple times enroute to a business meeting.It is regrettable that distance prevents our being with them so few times.

We take pleasure in their reported activities and it gives us satisfaction to know that Gordon is happy and successful in his work as Research Physicist. Dottie,a loving daughter-in-law-good wife and mother.Dave will complete his second year in college and Jim will graduate from High School in Fine 1977.

The good Lord willing we shall celebrate our Golden Wedding Anniversary,Dec.24,1977.Don and I have spent hours of Genealogy research and compiling this information on both the Greene and Wasson families. We hope you will be pleased with our efforts.This brings us to the end of February and end of-we hope-the coldest winter in the history of Reading,Pa.

Our planned Interment is in the Chapel Mausoleum,Greenlawn Memorial Park,Ft.Wayne,Indiana.

FROM V


MARTIN LEWIS WASSON
Jan 14, 1906 - Jan. 13, 1970
1927
MARY - ASH
C1907 - C1940
"Lewie" - Born in New Haven. 1906-1922 - See Fathers Bio. IV D
1922 - started work for Ohio Power Co. as groundman on new pole lines around home.
- To Ironton, Ohio with Ohio Power Co.
1927 - MARRIED
Betty 5/1/28 - Robert Evans
Frances 7/30/30 - Robert Null
1942 WANDA - DILLON
- Rabbit
Dianne 6/14/43 -
Sherri 8/7/48 - Carry Wiburn
- Holligan
Carolyn 9/30/44 -
Linda 8/11/46 - M. Till
Dave Brown
Evelyn 12/8/50 -
Jane 7/9/52 - Anthony Roth (SP)
1975
Martin 3/7/54 -
Ronald 2/27/56 -

C1928 - Ashland, Ohio - Line foreman.
C1934 - Received severe electrical burns. Incapacitated for a number of months.
C-1936 - Lived in St. Joe. Transferred to Indiana-Michigan Power Co. - Ft. Wayne. Supervision of Transmission Line Construction. Lived in Hicksville, Ohio & Bucyrus, Ohio.
C-1940 First wife died.
C-1942 Remarried.
He continued his employment with the I-M.Co. as supervisor of Ultra-high Voltage Transmission line Construction. Lived in Ft. Wayne for several years before his death.

Mason - Concord Lodge #556 - Spencerville. Masters degree - 6-8-1934
Transferred to Home lodge #342 - Ft. Wayne, 1-4-1955. Rec'd 25 yr. Pin - Oct. 10, 1961.

Interment - Butler Cemetery.

Mary - Born and lived in Ironton, Ohio. No further information.

Wanda - very little is known of her background. She is living in Ft. Wayne at this writing but not with her children.

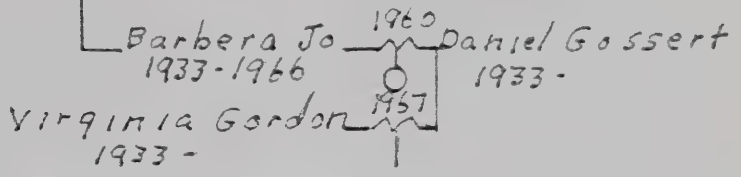
"Martie" MARRIED - June 1975
Lives in Arizona at this writing.
1972 - Graduated Ft. Wayne H.S.
'72-73 Ball state U. - Phys. major
73-74 Ind. U. - Ft. Wayne campus.

"Ronnie" Kevin
1975 - Graduated Ft. Wayne H.S.
Lives at home - St. Joe Center Rd.
Ft. W. Ft. W. Community schools - maintenance crew.

FROM
V

VC

HARRIET BEATRICE WASSON — 1930 — MILES - OBERLIN
Apr. 20, 1908 - Oct. 25, 1908 -



HARRIET
See attached Autobiography.

MILES Born Charlotte, Mich.
1928 - Graduated Butler H.S.

BARBERA JO: b. Dec. 25, 1933 in St. Joe, Concord Township, DeKalb County.
1933-1951 See mothers autobiography.
1951 - Graduated Constantine H.S.-Mich.
Entered Eastern New Mexico University, Portalis, New Mexico.
1952 - Entered Colorado University, Boulder, Colorado.
1956 - Graduated with B.S.& R.N. degrees in Nursing.
Public Health Nurse - Los Angles, Cal.
1957 - Social Worker - Adams County, D.P.W. Colorado.
1960 - August 7. MARRIED
1966 - March 19. Deceased. Interment in Greenlawn Memorial Park, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

DANIEL GOSSERT: b. Aug. 9, 1933 - Boulder, Colorado.
1951 - Graduated Boulder High School.
1955 - Graduated Colorado University - B.S. degree.
1956 Social Worker, Adams County, Colorado.
1960 - Aug. 7, MARRIED.
1962 - University of Denver - Masters in Social Work. Director of Handicapped Childrens Program. A new position.
1972 - University of No. Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C. Masters in Public Health.

VIRGINA GORDON: b. 1933.

V C2

HARRIET BEATRICE WASSON OBERLIN

April 20,1908 --- Jan.20,1977.

On a balmy spring day,April 20,1908,a little five year old girl was invited to join her older cousin for a walk out across the fields.The little girls name was Pauline and I believe the cousins name was Mable. Upon their return to the house an hour or two later,Pauline was presented with a new,and probably noisy,baby sister who was to be named Harriet Beatrice. Baby Harriet was the third sibling in what was to become a family of nine- five boys and four girls.Only one of the children failed to grow to adulthood:Francis Ann,fifth in line,died at the age of 20 mos. in 1914.

Baby Harriet was the first of her family to be born in the country. Her parents had recently moved from New Haven,Ind.to a tenant farm near where grandfather Wasson still lived and where father Wallace had lived as a child. Both of those farms were close to the original tract of land which had been entered upon by great grandfather ,Samuel Wasson,as a homesteader. Details of this early settlement by Samuel Wasson are to be found in the 1885 edition of the DeKalb County History. All of these farms were located in what is now known as Spencer Township. The Wall Wasson family moved from one tenant farm to another,trying to improve their lot and to keep pace with ever increasing demands of a rapidly growing family:however the family never moved outside the borders of KeKalb County.

Harriets first six years of formal education were as a pupil in a multigrade rural school in Wilmington Twp.where she attended with her brothers and older sister.That school was named the Hablawetz School and the build- is still standing in a fairly good state of repair. The children walked to school each day a distance of 1½ miles each way.Onrare occasions some kind hearted parent would call for the pupils in a bobsled drawn by a team of frisky plow horses. Seven years after leaving this school,Harriet was to return to begin the first two years of her own professional career as a teacher. How impossible that sounds!

Early in the spring of Harriet's sixth year of school,her aprents moved once againto a farm in Concord Twp. and this meant changing schools. The transition from that little rural school to the large(?) consolidated school located in the town of St.Joe.was a traumatic experience for Harriet.Difficult tho' it may be for some folks to believe,her teacher reported that she never succeded in persuading that new pupil to utter a word in class discussions,tho' her written work was of excellent quality. Returning to the same school and the same classmates the next year provided the necessary feeling of security and so recovery was complete. It might be observed here that once that timid pupil resumed talking,that she seldom stopped--perhaps she's still trying to make up for that lost time!

At the end of her eighth year in school Harriet brought honor to her family by earning the highest score of the year on the eighth grade examination which was required for graduation at that time.Proud Uncle Lou Howey,Trustee of Jackson Twp.at that time,presented the graduate with a lovely ring in recognition of her achievement.According to Harriet, the honors were really due to her beloved teacher,Clyde Hart,who had worked so long and hard to help that timid student overcome so many handicaps. Remembering the example of that fine,dedicated and patient teacher continued to help the teacher,Harriet,to understand and assist students of her own as they faced similar problems of adjustment.

Fortunately for Harriet,the family did not move again for the next six yearsand therefore she was permitted to complete her high school education at the St.Joe Consolidated School.In the meantime,the elder sister, Pauline had managed to complete the requirements for Teachers Certification and was employed as a teacher in the St.Joe Elementary School.This was a source of much pride to Harriet who had no greater ambtion than to emulate her adored older sister.

When Harriet graduated with honors in the class of 1927,she proceeded directly to Muncie,Ind.where she found summer employment and made plans for enrolling at the Indiana State Normal School that fall;Thanks again to a kind and favorite high school teacher who had recently moved to Muncie. This kind teacher offered Harriet the oppurtunity of earning her board and room by baby-sitting with their children.Employment in a shop on Saturdays provided funds for bus fare,books and an occasional noon lunch.

Temporary Certification could then be earned with only one years training in a normal school,thus Harriet was elegible for (tho'goodness knows, not qualified)filling a teachers position.Her father learned that the Hablawetz School(Harriets old school) was needing a teacher for the next year.Harriet hastened to apply and was offered a contract at $80.00 per month for an eight months school term. The contract was renewable for the second year with an increase in salary to $90.00 per month.

In addition to teaching all grades,one thru eight,the teacher was responsible for all custodial duties;carrying in the wood for the old box stove;for thawing out the well for drinking water or occaisional hand washing and worst of all-sweeping out or scrubbing down the two outside toilets located at the rear of the school yard.The young teacher leaned heavily upon the memory of her former daysthere as a student,in meeting the challenge of those first two years as a teacher.She continued to credit her survival to some of the fine big boys and girls who pitched in to help keep school going.Harriet still counts as "best friends" many of those beloved pupils of those first teaching years.

For the third year of teaching Harriet was offered a contract to teach in the St.Joe Consolidated School:the same grades and room where sister Pauline had taught.Harriet had continued with extension classes at night and summer school work to keep the temporary teachers certificate validated.She had alsomet and married Miles L.Oberlin on Aug.7,1930.The young couple began their married life as new residents of St.Joe.Except for the beginning of the Great Depression which closed most of the banks and many places of business--including the factory where Miles worked--life was not too bad.Almost everyone was in the same fix. The $100.00 monthly check for teaching eight months of the year was somehow streched to cover twelve months.Produce from gardens and truck patches etc.provided most of the food and in so doing welfare lines were avoided-thank goodness.

Harriet resigned from her teaching position late in November 1933 in anticipation of the birth of her first child. A beautiful baby girl, named Barbara Jo,was born on Christmas day 1933. This little girl was destined to be their only child and she blessed their lives for the next 33 years.Harriet recalls so vividly how her former pupils called at their home to see the new baby,many bringing gifts. Among those third and fourth grade pupils were Harriets little brothers,D.O. and Richard(Dick). Dick was to have his big sister as a teacher again as an eighth grade student when she returned to teaching in still another rural school. Harriet also treasures the privelege of having taught her own daughter, Barbara Jo, during her third and fourth grades. It is quite likely that the two brothers and daughter might have placed a different evaluation on those years.

Following the birth of her baby, Harriet returned to college as a full time student and graduated from 2 year normal course at Ball State Teachers College,Muncie,Ind.in June 1935. Barbara Jo and her daddy were there for the ceremony. Harriet was fortunate in finding a teaching position for the next fall in Stafford Twp. a distance of some eleven miles from St.Joe. It was too costly to drive so far so the little family rented a farm house for that period of time. The Great Depression continued and life was indeed difficult. When offered a chance to return to St.Joe schools after two years in the rural school she accepted with gratitude. Once again the Oberlins would be living near and working with old friends who were struggling for their existence in similar fashion.

By 1943 the economy had improved somewhat--due probably to the sad advent of W.W.11.Concern for family members took precedence over all other matters as the two youngest brothers,D.O. and Dick were called into service. In spite of injuries and grave concern for their welfare,both boys returned home safely at the end of the war. The war also brought the problem of food and gasoline rationing to be reckoned with.The gasoline rationing posed a new problem for the Oberlins.Miles had found employment in a defense plant in Ft.Wayne and could no longer commute between St.Joe and Ft.Wayne.Harriet decided to resign her teaching and seek employment in Ft.Wayne,thus,she hoped,to keep the family together. She was inelegible for a teaching position in the city where a B.S. degree was a minimum requirement;however she succeded in having her application for a position as a social worker accepted by the Allen County,Dept.of Public Welfare,and thus began a totally new career for Harriet.

The move was a difficult one for sixth-grader Barbara Jo.She was most of all unhappy to leave her friends in St.Joe. Mother Harriet could easily understand and sympathise,remembering her similar experience at that same age.The move was deemed necessary however,and Barbara Jo appeared to make the adjustment with much less Trauma than her mother had experienced. B.J.completed two years of Junior High as an honor student, learning to swim at the local Y.W.C.A. and made many friends. Harriet continued with work towards her degree in Education and found considerable satisfaction in her new work. During those war years the case loads were large and most situations very complicated. Harriet's lack of training as a social worker often caused her to lead with her heart instead of reason and/or logic:sometimes tragic but always interesting and a most valuable "learning experience" for the country gal,Harriet.

B.J.had graduated from high school and had decided upon nursing as her career field.Although she wanted most of all to attend Colorado U., Harriet persuaded her to enroll for the first year in a smaller school, Eastern New Mexico University in Portalis,N.M. where the family had once visited on a western vacation trip.B.J. was also interested in Spanish which she could pursue here along with her nursing courses.As orginally planned,B.J. transferred to Colorado U. in Boulder,Col.at the begining of her second year,where she earned both the B.S. and R.N. degrees. She also met the man,Dan Gossert,whom she was to marry in 1960. Barbara Jo loved Colorado and never wanted to live anywhere else.She and Dan built their home in Denver and resided there until B.J.'s untimely death March 19,1966.

In the autumn of 1952 Miles decided that he wanted to extract himself completely from the many years of shaky marital commitment. He requested a divorce and it was granted without protest:It did indeed seem best for everyone concerned. Faced with the realty of a broken marriage and the necessity of finding a new challenge or at least a new direction for her life,Harriet applied for a new position.

The position was with the program for the children of military personnel stationed overseas, titled The Dependent Schools. The position offered was a Teacher/Principal of a small school in Japan, the place most of all where she had wanted to go. In June of that same year (1953) Harriet had finally completed the requirements for the B.S. degree and graduated from Goshen College, Goshen, Ind. It had been a long, long road. The year 1953 will always be remembered by Harriet as a most eventful one.

Harriet departed on the overseas adventure with the full blessings of B.J. who had just completed her second year of college. Her enthusiasm for the whole idea was a great comfort to mother Harriet as she left for the far shores of Japan. Little did either of them guess at that time that Barbara Jo was later to share in this overseas experience in a very real way. As an extra bonus to civilians, employed in those overseas postions, it was possible for their dependent children who were in school back in the U.S.A. to be brought overseas to join their parents for the summer vacation. Upon hearing about this possibilty, Harriet placed a phone call to Boulder, Col., with the news and invitation. In due time B.J. arrived and they moved into the pretty little Japanese style house which Harriet had rented for the summer. They traveled about as often and as extensively as time and finances would permit. The weeks passed all to quickly and B.J. boarded the large ship for the return trip by surface--having come over by air. Harriet would travel back to Colorado the next summer to attend B.J.'s graduation from Colorado University.

ADVENTURE in the ORIENT

1953-Aug. 7 Sailed from Seattle, Wash. aboard the troop carrier-The Gaffy-the queen of the Pacific. we experienced a very rough nine day crossing being hit by the tail of a typhoon midway across. Almost everyone to ill to leave the stuffy(& Smelly)staterooms. Port holes had to be kept closed due to the high seas. Unable to enjoy the delicious (looking) food; even the bridge games were finally abandoned.

Aug. 16 Landed in Yokahama, Japan-Met by Marge Lynch, the lady who had intervied me in Chicago last March. Six years later I would fill the position from which she had retired as a GS-11.

Two days and nights "Orientation" in Tokyo. My actual assignment instructions were; Itazuki AFB, Kyushu Island; leave train at the Hakata station in Fukuoka city. I was afraid to go to sleep for fear of forgetting my directions.

A most memorable train ride-traveling alone-no knowledge of Japanese language-strange foods(chiefly rice and fish served in little wooden boxes)-coffee served only with much sugar(which I detest), so I learned to enjoy Japanese green tea, which is never sweetned. The Cola drinks were served uncooled.

Greatest shock of the trip was seeing the male passengers stand up on the train seats and remove their dress suits-folding them carefully to use as a pillow when they curled up on the seats to sleep. the fellows all wore"long-johns" -even tho' it was hot-hot-hot!

Most frightening event of the trip was going thru the seven mile long under water(ocean) tunnel: suddenly everything went black and the coach filled with heavy coal smoke from the locomotive. I should have closed my windows-as apparently every one else had done-before entering the tunnel. A bridge now connects Honshu and Kyushu islands and the tunnel is no longer in use.

Soon after coming out of the tunnel we arrived at Fukuoka-even I could understand that as the conductor called out the name in very distinct syllables. Very shortly he came to my seat and motioned me to follow him-again Hakata was clearly called out and there on the station platform was my reception committe: allstrangers but that was immeadiatly

forgotten as we greeted each other like old friends.

I was soon to learn that I was not to be at Itazuki AFB very long as the typhoon, which had hit us in mid Pacific had also washed out about ½ of the dependents housing area and doing some damage to the elemetery school building. Families having children of lower elementery school age had been evacuated north to Bofu (an old inactivated Australian Navy Base) on southern Honshu. I was "asked" to go there to set up school for those childrens education until the families could be returned to Itasuki.

The lady (1st.Lt.) schools officer and I had a nice meal (Japanese style) and spent the night in a hotel-again-everything Japanese style. She explained most of what had happened and what had thus far been done to meet this emergency situation. She further said I was lucky to be going to Bofu instead of having to struggle thru the mess at Itazuki. When I saw the place I was inclined to agree with her. As things worked out I was never to return to work at Itazuki, tho' I was there freqently for meetings and to pick up supplies etc.

Once the big weeds were cut down at Bofu we (24families& I) found a nice one-story building. which was to serve us well as a school building. I was allowed to choose an English speaking Japanese person to assist me with the school program and a dear old papa-san to run errands, be the general maintenance man, and keep the area clean. He was a dear!

Once the pupils were registered I found myself with 28 pupils in grades one thru six. How grateful I was for my rural school background.

At christmas vacation time the AF families returned to Itazuki AFB. I was offered the chance to remain on at Bofu and organize a similar school for the Army dependents from the Kokura Post where there was an overcrowded condition. I was glad to accept-especially when the Director of Dependent School program promised me my choice of available positions the next year. This wasn't to work exactly as planned but I was glad to remain on at Bofu. I was just beginning to relax a bit in the position and had made many Japanese friends in the local area. I was honored as the "blue-eyed" Kocho-sensei (Adm. of the school) and was awarded many courtesies and homages accorded to that position. I spent most Saturday forenoons visiting the Japanese schools(they had sch.6 day a wk.) and one or two nights each week taught English to Japanese adults. I was able to learn a considerable amount of their language as well. the emphasis was upon conversationl English. We discussed geography, history, native customs etc. I'M sure that I learned much more than they did but everyone seemed to enjoy it. We even served a light snack-some common type foods-both Japanese and American. Holidays &/or Festival days provided material of special interest. I was always welcomed into their homes, schools, churches etc. as a spectator or a participant as seemed appropriate.

Occasional weekend trips away from the base were interesting and enjoyable-special ones from Bofu were to near by Hiroshima Miyajima Isl. the historice University city of Yamaguchi plus Beppu, Fukuoka, Nagasaki on the southern island of Kyushu. All dependents moved from Bofu at the close of the school year. Most of us were sad to leave our friends in that area. The base has probably again been grown over by the weeds.

The first summer in Japan was spent in the Tokyo area where I served as Principal of the summer program at the large Tackikawa AFB school- at that time the largest AF school in the Far East- a hot-hot summer made nore miserable by a badly sprained ankle which put me in the hospital for a few days and kept me on crutches for a few weeks. Traveling etc. was limited by that accident and thus I saw little of the area.

I had requested the position as Principal of the elementary school at Itami AFB for the second year. This was considered to be a privileged assignment- centrally located between Osaka and Kyoto with transportation by air/rail and limited roads going out in all directions. Our schools headquarters were then located in nearby Nagoya. How happy I was to be there.

I found eight American teachers and an able Japanese school clerk talented and culture instructor waiting at Itami for me. School began without incident and the value of the Japanese clerk/Culture Teacher was immediately apparent. Bonnie (her American name) had trained as a Takarazuka musician and had come from a refined family background. Bonnie and I quickly became close friends and have maintained a correspondence contact throughout all the years 1954-1977. Their home and family suffered much from the war; father killed(or missing); house was burned;mother lost her vision,etc.Bonnie is the sole support of her blind and aged mother.

The Itami assignment seemed almost too good to be true and so it proved to be.At the beginning of the second week of school I received an urgent message to catch the first availble flight into Headquarters bringing clothes for at least a few days stay. I put one of my able teachers in charge and left post-haste;never thinking I had served my last day in that nice assignment.

At headquarters I found a distraught staff-our new superintendent had just been notified of a tragedy involving faculty members at Misawa FB school-located at the far north end of Honshu Island- a large K-12 school of approximately thirty staff members. Three teachers-two female and one male had gone for a week end trip across the Tsugaru Straits into Hokkaido. They had said little about their plans and thus their failure to return was not noticed until they failed to report to school on Monday A.M. Word had been received the previous afternoon of a severe storm which was sweeping up yhe west coast of Honshu and thru the straits. The ferry which the three teachers had boarded for their return trip from Hokkaido had been caught in that storm and had capsized with a great loss of life.Our three teachers were among those who were caught in the accident.

To compound the problem at Misawa the assigned Principal had not yet arrived on the job.He was in Seattle trying to resolve some kind of passport questions when he read the news of the Misawa incident in the local papers. He turned his back upon his Far East venture and returned to the "safety" of his Z.I. home.

Wednesday P.M. found me at Misawa AFB trying to sort out the details of the tragedy and figuring out how best to calm the hysterics which had taken over the other faculty members(most of them new arrivals in Japan). School was of course closed temporarily and I worked around the clock with the base officials -especially the two wonderful chaplains -as we proceeded with the identification of the deceased and arrangements for returning their bodies back home.

It was all so gruesome and disheartening - almost all of the teachers wanted nothing less than immediate transportation back home. I finally made a deal with them that I would remain on with them at Misawa as long as necessary to get the school in operation again-after all,my (our) responsibilty was to the dependent children of the Misawa school. Even tho' it broke my heart to leave lovely little Itami for this remote and isolated location,there was really no choice. The people at my Hdg. in Nagoya gave me full autonomy of planning and red tape was cut to a minimum.

I persuaded the base officials to allow me to escort the total faculty to Tokyo for a long weekend and a chance to re-coup away from the scene of the tragedy. A flight was arranged-orders cut returning all od us to Misawa on Sunday P.M. I was placing "my all" on the line and everyone knew it. I didn't learn of the principals change of plans until late the next week-which was probably providential. Everyone returned with me on Sunday P.M. tho' it was probably chiefly due to the awareness that they would have to pay their own way back to the Z.I. and even reimburse the military for their transportation over to Japan if they broke their contract.

We were fortunate in having qualified teachers among the dependent wives who were willing to fill the three vacancies. School got underway the next week and I was eventually sent an assistant Principal who was later to be assigned the Principals position when I made my first trip to Hokkaido. We kept a full staff all year and developed a program of which we were all proud. The cooperation from AF personnel and parents was the finest. I still count some of those people among my closest friends.

In November I had the misfortune to be the victim of some type food poisoning or an heretofore unknown alergy. As a dinner guest of the Base C.O. I had eaten Wakkanai crab meat for the first(and last) time. I was hospitalized for a few days- a plane load of crabs enroute to the V.I.P.'s in Tokyo was dumped into the ocean and Dr.'s discovered that I was apparently allergic to sea food. I've been careful to give all of such a wide berth since that time-tho' that was not easy in Japan or later on in France. I've had a few minor bouts as a reminder during the ensueing years but nothing to compare with the encounter at Misawa.

The transfer from Itami to Misawa eventually resulted in a nice promotion for me but I must confess to feeling that I had well earned it. As the second semester got under way with the welcome help of the Ass't Prin. I was able to relax a bit and was shortly invited to make a survey trip for our headquarters into near by Hokkaido. The A.F. was considering sending some families up there to replace &/or supplement the Army personnel who had been there for some time. I was to appraise the adequacy of the facilities and supplies at the K-12 Crawford location-near the capital city of Sappora and the smaller ele.sch. at Chitose AFB. I fell in love with the fertile farm lands and beautiful mountains of Hokkaido. In my report I stressed the need for a carefully selected staff for each school and volunteered my services at the head adm. for both schools. Apparently there was no great competition for the job as my offer was promptly accepted. The school year soon ended and I made my first trip back to the Z.I. for a visit with the family.

Although the MATS flights were not "delux" the trip was certainly much more comfortable than the original surface crossing two years prior.

I returned to Japan in early August, going directly to Hokkaido to the newly established schools ready for opening in early Sept. I had been invited to come to Tokyo to assist with the new teacher orientation in late Aug. I loved this assignment and met my new faculty members for the first time. It was a real privilege to be able to introduce them to Japan. I had truly loved my work and this was an opportunity to share some of my enthusiasm as well as to prepare them for some of the rough spots they would encounter. We traveled together by air to Hokkaido and our various assignments. I was to reside at Crawford since it was the larger of the schools. I had an assistant at each school and made the drive(1hr) to Chitose whenever it seered necessary. The Chitose faculty often came to Crawford for weekends to shop, sight see in the capital city of Sapporo.

Of special interest to me during the two year tenure on Hokkaido, was the opportunity to meet and study the nearly extinct race of aboriginal people known as the Ainu.

Thanks to Father Gearhardt a Catholic Missionary who had spent most of his adult life working in Hokkaido and had "adopted" the Ainu people as his special project for study ans service,I traveled to their remote villages and was eventually accepted by them as a trusted friend. Some of the treasured memorabilia I still have from those interesting people should be placed in keeping for posterity. I have plans to follow thru on some ideas for their preservation and safe keeping as soon as time allows. (The Ainu Story would be a long chapter all by itself.)

Attendence at the famous Ice Sculpture Festival in Sapporo was of interest to all. Living within easy commuting distance from the city we were able to watch as the objects were being carved or built.Many of the forms were of roof top height. The parkway in the center of the city was covered by these ice/snow forms. Hokkaido has an abundance of snow 6 to 8 ft. annual was not unusual and the consistent below freezing temperature preserved the carvings.

One trip of special interest was a long weekend junket(r.r) north to the remote radar site at Wakkanai,the northernmost town on the island of Hokkaido.As we were permitted a peek through the powerful telescope at the site we could clearly see the coast line of the heavily fortified Russian owned island of Saghalien off to the north and just east of the Siberian coast. Although at that time (55/56) this was a highly classified and restricted area,there are now American families stationed there and a small dependents school is in operation. I can't help feeling fortunate that I was spared the responsibilty of finding teachers for that school-remote-isolated and primitive to the extreme.The greatest benefit our group gained from our visit was a genuine and increased appreciation for the comforts and priveleges of our assignments at Crawford & Chitose. Perhaps our base C.O. and Special Services Officer anticipated this bonus when they assisted us in naking arrangements for that trip.

Early in the second year at Crawford we were advised that the AF had decided to remove all the dependent families from Hokkaido and thus our nice schools would be closed-the facilities at Crawford to be returned to the Japanese government. I was offered the opportunity of another promotion with the added responsibility of recruitment and selection of the new teachers needed for staffing the AF schools in the Far East. I would now have the title of Area Supt. and would move to the central location of Nagoya before the opening of school the next fall.

The interim summer months were wonderfully busy and enjoyable ones as I welcomed Barbara Jo to Japan for a summers vacation. We were fortunate in finding a lovely little house to rent in a village located about 10 miles outside Tokyo near Fuchu where our Dep.Sch.Hdq's was now located.I could thus keep tabs on my office responsibilities and spend every available moment with Barbara Jo. Our house maid "Peachy" was a jewel and planned all kinds of interesting experiences and projects for B.J. Besides acting as tour guide and interpreter around the local area she assisted & supervised the making of a complete Kimono set-a handmade traditionl Japanese doll,demonstrated the preperation of all sorts of native foods,a formal tea ceremony and many other priceless courtesies. B.J. loved Peachy and I believe the feeling was mutual. The bank account really suffered as we took longer weekend trips to such places as Kyoto;Mt.Fuji,Mikimoto Pearl Farm near Toba, an over night trip by boat to Oshima Isl.for a close look at a "smoking" volcano and the islanders with their unique customs,etc. and a quick flight to Hokkaido so she could have the opportunity of meeting my best Ainu friends. The busy summer passed all to quickly as B.J. boarded the ship at Yokohama for her first experience with ocean traveling.She had come to Japan by air with a nice stop over in Hawaii. She carried with her a collection of pearls for distribution to her friends at the University Dorm. at Boulder,Col.

She had purchased oysters from the waters at the Mikimoto Pearl Farm-finding 2 & 3 reasonably nice pearls in each shell,paying 300 yen(90¢) for each oyster-wonderful souvenirs of her visit to Japan.

The next year I was allowed an assignment in central Japan with offices located in Nagoya. I knew this would be a one year assignment as again, I was to supervise the closing of the AF schools in Nagoya and Gifu as well as to be responsible for the personnel work.It took much careful planning and scheduling to meet the job requirements,absorb as much of the local culture as possible-the cloisonne and damascene industries for which the area is famous plus the silk weaving and umbrella making at nearby Kyoto and Gifu provided a wealth of cultural opportunities to fill every free moment.My beautiful cloisonne (shippo) vase which was made especially for me by the master craftsman at Shippo Village is one of my most valuable and treasured possessions. Even the wooden boxes in which such objects are packaged are works of art. My box has my own name as well as the autograph of the artist written with a brush in Nippon script (Kata-Kane) or hird-gana,I'm not sure which.

As much as I enjoyed the opportunity of being back in the ZI for the three months recruitment each year- always taking time out for a visit with family in Indiana and with B.J.in Colorado,I really hated to spend that time away from the Nagoya area. There was so much there to see-learn and enjoy.

The next summer was to bring me back to the U.S.A. to attend B.J.'s graduation from Col.U.with a well deserved B.S.&R.N.(Public Health Major) It had been a long road for both of us and I was mighty proud of and happy for her.We spent the remainder of the summer with relatives in Indiana befor I headed back to my work in Japan and B.J. for Los Angeles Calif. where she had accepted her first position as a Public Health Nurse.

Having closed out the dependent schools in central Japan,I again moved to a new location at the Narimasu Ele.school near Tokyo. This was the largest single school complex for which I had ever had any responsibility-53 ele.teachers K-6. An able assistant principal-experienced office staff and faculty kept the operation running smoothly in spite of my lengthy absence for the personnel responsibilty.

While in Washington D.C. that spring I had explored the possibilities of availble positions in Europe.I was offered a Principalship in England for one year with good prospects of full time personnel work later on. With this move in mind I planned a two week vacation trip for that last Christmas season in the Far East.I travelled to Hong-Kong,Philipine Islands,Singapore,Thailand,Cambodia and Vietnam. They were all beautfùland delightful places to visit at that time.

This USAFE offer was too good to turn down.How nice it would be (I thought) not to have to have a struggle with new "foreign" language for a while.Little did I realize how <u>different</u> the British English is from the American version.

I left Japan with much nostalgia. It had been such an interesting and rewarding place to live and work for six years. I had made scores of near and dear friends. Each one making a special contribution to my understanding and appreciation of a people and a culture different in so many ways from my own yet basically so much the same.The tears which flowed down wrinkled cheeks of the aged Ainu grandmother (obosan)-Queen of her tribe- were mixed with my own as we embraced saying our final goodbyes.

ADVENTURE in the OCCIDENT

1959 August-I arrived in England-spent a few days of orientation in London and was given the details of my assignment. Instead of going to Oxford as had been earlier planned it seemed that I was neede more urgently at Weathersfield AFB in eastern Essex-the heart land of old England.It seems that the new school building on the base had failed to pass the U.S. building inspectors standards and thus the Weathersfield Ele.Jr.Hi.classes would have to "make-do" with G.I.Barracks for most of the next year. A single oil heater in the center of each building was "intended" to provide the necessary heat during the cold-damp winter days.I was gratified for previous experience in cleaning fuel lines and re-lighting stoves.This qualification requirement as well as many similar others were never written into any job description but was certainly and essential part of the flexibilty/adaptability ingredient I looked for in the teachers I recruited for overseas positions.

A special feature of this position in England was the privelege of living in a house off the military base. There were insufficient B.Q.Q's on base to house the school teachers.Most of us were delighted tho' it did pose some transportation problems for a few. I had sold my car in Japan so proceded to purchase a new one-a pretty little Renault,which was to serve me well throughout the next four years.There was a six week waiting period for the English Ford which I had originally intended to buy.I realized that the narrow roads and sharp curves of England called for a small car.I never tired of driving about through the lovely country side.We even joined in a local fox hunt- the hunters in their bright red coats,astride their lively horses rode to the call of their hounds and we school people followed along on the adjacent road in our cars- a thrilling experience.

My home was in the old historical village of Great Bardfield. My house was the original town hall and had later been modernized(?). The kitchen still had the heavy beamed ceiling and was heated by the huge "arga", hard coal cooking stove. It was not only the warmest but also my favorite part of the house. We opened the living room doors onto the rose garden in early spring to let the cold house air out.In spite of some obvious discomforts it was really fun living in that old house.

The gardner whose services were included with the rental fee was also the official Town Crier. He had held this position along with that of Head Bell Ringer at the village Episcopal Church.I never tired listening to the Wednesday evening practice session of the Bell Ringers as they "rang the changes" in preperation for Sunday's service. I often climbed the hill to the church to watch them and was always urged to join the circle-holding onto a rope with the help of a practiced "ringer". It takes much skill and practice to read the "change" music and memorize the selections.Only a few young people were interested in giving their time to learning the art.

Living within easy reach of r.r. connections to London,I found much to see-do and learn there. Since it was the year of Princess Margarets wedding we probably saw London at its best. Schools were dismissed for the day and everyone hastened into the city for a good vantage point along the wedding party's line of march.I got some excellent pictures of the Royal family.It was trully a lovely occasion.

Vacation periods allowed for longer trips to Scotland,Wales and s. Ireland.

I had hoped to make return visits to all those places but such did not prove to be,as I was called to fill the position of Director of Personnel of the USAFE Dependent Schools at the close of the spring school term. The opportunity to work full time in the area of school Personnel was exactly what I had dreamed of and hoped for. I believed then as I still do,that the success of any school program begins and ends with the quality of the people chosen to plan and implement those programs.

1960 - Spring. I turned the wheels of the trusty Renault south east towards the channel crossing and was on my way to Wiesbaden,W.Germany. The habit of driving on the left side of the road ,as had been necessary in both Japan and England gave me a few uneasy moments as I left the boat ferry on the coast of Belgium. It took some serious self discipline and concentration to convince myself that all of those other cars going in the opposite direction on my left side were where they were supposed to be. The width of the continental highways,number of cars on them and the rapid mph were all factors which kept me on my toes throughout that two drive.

I had visited Wiesbaden once during the previous year and therefore knew what a pretty city and area I was entering as well as what lovely living quarters would be mine in the big Amelia Earhart Hotel-a spacious three room furnished apartment with a balcony looking out toward and over the Rhine River.

I spent most of the summer close to the office acquainting myself with the new people of the USAFE Dep. Sch. Hdq. and my own office staff upon whom I had to depend so heavily during my frequent and prolonged trips to the schools and back to the Z.I.(USA)

Our organization covered schools from Scotland,Denmark,Norway and south thru Holland,Germany,France,Spain,Morocco,Libya,Saudia Arabia, Italy,Greece,Turkey and Pakistan. Trying to acquaint myself with all of the schools and visiting the new teachers each year kept me traveling most of the time. As in Japan it was always necessary for me to fly to Wash.D.C.each Jan. for a 2/3 mo. stint of teacher recruitment and selection. It was occaisionally necessary to make a second trip to Wash. later in the summer on matters of personnel business.Thus the suit cases were always partially packed and there was all to little time left to enjoy the nice apartment or to travel for pleasure only.

I had planned well in advance to attend the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau in Bavaria in 1960 since it is presented only ance each 10 years. I was determend to be there. I drove to Munich for a conference then on to Oberammergau for a truly great experience. It was a long and rather lonely drive but I had chosen to do it by myself so as to give the production my complete and undivided attention.I was so glad that I had done so. I slept and had dinner each evening(3) in the home of the chief theologian for the production. There were five guests in the home and we spent each evening discussing the production. It was a rare privelege to be there.

There were many other memorial occaisions during those three busy, often hectic but always interesting years at Wiesbaden. Whenever possible, I combined business with pleasure trips by taking an extra couple days here and there to see special places and things near where I happened to be working. In such manner I visited Vienna,Venice,Florence, Rome,Salsburg,Naples and many smaller places in between. It would take a book to mention all of them.

One of the most memorable of all the planned European vacation trips proved to be a near disaster and shall forever be etched vividly in my memory.

Four co-worker friends and I planned a joint vacation trip to Berlin. None of us had traveled thru any part of East Germany and so were eager to see that area as well as both sectors of that famous city. We chose to travel on the military r.r. which still operated from Frankfurt in West Germany across the border into E.Germany and ending at Berlin. Special clearance was required for permission to ride that train so papers were filed months in advance. I almost missed out at the last moment due to my name-Harriet,having been typed in one place with an extra T. It took all of the"rank" we could muster to convince the officials that I was indeed "legitimate".The train got underway and we sped toward the Border where all our papers were again carefully examined by E.German guards. We were instructed to be in our assigned seats and have all window shades tightly closed whenever we stopped at a station in E.Germany.Naturally we all "peeked" under or around the edge of the window shade-seeing nothing excepy empty stations and some guards standing at alert along the edge of the station platform.Those brief but rather tense stops added to the brab and desolate country side in E.Germany left a feeling of depression and sorrow. Missing was the prosperity-hustle & bustle-of W.Germany. We saw women holding a plow as a man or boy led the horse across the field.

It was good to arrive in beautiful W.Berlin. After checking in at the military hotel where we had made our reservayions,we hurreid out to walk about the city-do a bit of shopping and erase from our minds the memory of E.Germany. It was good that we made use of those first afternoon hours as we were not destined to have another such opportunity.

The evening hours were spent at the hotel having dinner and being briefed by the military liason officer (Col) who had made arrangements for our visit into E.Berlin the next day. There were many dos & dont's to remember to be certain that no rules and regulations were violated etc. There had recently developed considerable tension between the two sectors and visits were limited and carefully monitored. Although we were civilians all five of us were carrying special passports repre senting USAFE Hdg.staff people.

Arrangements had been made for a car and an English speaking driver/guide. He also met with us that evening and collected his fee. Everything seemed to be in order and we all looked forward to an interesting day ahead- Little did we know how interesting that Aug.13,1931 was to be.

Our car and driver was waiting for us at the designated time and place. The car had two jump seats in the back so the two couples sat back there and I was allowed up front with the driver.I quickly sensed a difference in the drivers manner from the previous nite & silently wondered if it might have been a mistake to pay him in full in advance. He was very silent-abrupt and almost stern instead of relaxed and jovial as he had been the previous evening.Maybe he didn't like me sitting up there with him-I wondered???

As we stopped at the E.Berlin sector gate to have the credentials checked he left us in the car as he took our passports into the guard station-we discussed his change in manner.Our two male companions suggested that he might have spent too much of his fee after leaving us the night before on beer or perhaps there had simply been a family argument. Nothing to be concerned about they assured the three concerned ladies. Both men later confessed to an early feeling of apprehension but did not want to spoil the day by mentioning it.Both of those men were former military men- a Major and a Lieutant colonel.

V C14

After what seemed a long time for a routine passport check the young W.German driver returned to the car and we drove on-at a rapid pace-into the empty and barren streets of E.Berlin.Althou we had some E.German money we had been told not to try to do any shopping in E.Berlin. We simply expected to drive about-take some pictures,of things and places as per instructions, and to be shown and have explained to us some of the special sights and places.My request for a pause to snap an approved picture was denied with the suggestion that there were better ones later on etc. When this was repeated the 2nd. or 3rd.time I was getting more than a little irritated and I'm sure it showed. A shake of the head as a signal from one of the grim faced men in the rear seat,warned me to cool it. Without further comment we were driven on to the large and impressive War Memorial where the statue of Russian heros complete with Hammer & Cycle were in evidence everywhere.We tried to pay attention as the guide gave lengthy descriptions etc. but it was most tiresome and boring.It was impossible to converse with our guide getting only a curt yes or no or a "I do not know" to each question. We finally ate the lunch we had brought from the hotel and decided that we might just as well return to W.Berlin. We had all had enough of E. Germany and E.Berlin in particular.The driver was reluctant to return so early saying "it was not yet the right time". My disposition was deterorating by the minute.On the return trip I quickly snapped a couple pictures in spite of the drivers protest-after all-we had paid a good price for this "day of nothing".I had not yet started to sense any danger.

As we drew near to the point of exit and entry-the big Brandenberg Gate- we suddenly came upon a throng of people,looking very distraught and alarmed.Some women were openly crying,again our drivers comment would be only a curt "I do not know", but his white lips and tense expression alerted us to some real trouble. He again collected the passports and hurried off to the guard house for their inspection and clearance.This time he was gone well over a half hour. It gave us a chance to discuss the situation and try to figure out what to do. We were beginning to fear that there had obviously been some kind of serious border incident and maybe our driver was not ever going to return with our passports. Our men tried to calm us female members but gave strict instructions that we were to "shut-up" and let them do whatever talking was necessary.

Suddenly we saw our driver running toward our car;he threw the pass ports into the rear seat and rushed the car directly through the throng of people toward to Brandenburg Gate. I'M not yet sure but what some people might have been struck down as he gunned the car forward. the gate was promptly opened- American M.P.'s quickly rushed to assist us from the car and to inquire if we had been harmed in any wayonly then did I begin to feel frightened and forgot about being angry. By that time our car with the driver was disappearing down the street.I'm sure that was one relieved young man. He had obviously been aware from early in the morning that something was going to happen that day. We have always wondered why he ever showed up to make the drive at all.

The M.P.'s took us quickly back to the hotel where we were welcomed with relief. Only then were we told that the E.Berliners had decided to close the border. Why we were allowed out-only God knows- but there were sincere prayers and thanks given that day for our freedom. No one knew what was about to happen- we were of course kept inside the hotel all W.Berlin and probably W.German,forces were placed on alert and we all held our breaths.

We were questioned and requestioned during the long three days of waiting to get out of Berlin.All lines of transportation were closed down ans business was at a standstill.

On the third as it appeared that the immediate danger of a shooting fight had cooled a bit it was decided to allow the train to return with its passengers back to Frankfurt in W.Germany. It was felt that this was safer than an airlift which they had been considering.It was a subdued and thoughtful group of passengers who boarded the train for that return trip,but once we had crossed the Border from E. into W.Germany the atmosphere changed- each in his own way expressing his joy and relief in being again in free territory. Wiesbaden friends were there to meet us and had to be told and retold the story of the start of the Berlin Wall. I returned to W.Berlin once more before leaving Europe to take a look at the wall- shudder at the sight of the crosses which marked unsuccessful attempts at escape but believe me,I had no further desire to see the E. side of that forbidding wall.

At other times I was in Turkey (Ankara) and in Paris,France during a sort of military coup,but I was in no way directly involved and was hardly aware of what was happening.

Having decided to leave Civil Service at the end of the ten year period I concentrated upon seeing and doing as much as possible during that last overseas summer of 1963. I took yet another boat trip up the Rhine River, We visited Belgium,Holland and Denmark and made one last visit to Rome.I thrilled at the historical significance and grandure which Rome represents and it is probably still my favorite overseas city.

My farewell dinner party was held in the old city hall in Munich-the closing feature of the 1963 Adm.Conference for the USAFE Dep.Schools. This city hall was the building in which Hitler is said to have held his rallies as he recruited the S.S.Troops-what a changed atmosphere.

Thus closed 10 years of heavy responsibilty,busy days and nights, interesting snd exciting experiences during which I had made scores & scores of good and true friends.I left another big piece of my heart in the European theatre- just as I had in the Far East four years earlier.

After three years in that demanding position my eyes began to show the effects of strain and nervous tension;thus at the doctors suggestion made the decision to resign at the completion of my 10th.year which would be in Aug.1963. I was honored by USAFE with a citation for "Sustained Superior Performance" including $500.00 in September 1963.

I had applied and been contracted for a good position as Ass't Director of Personnel for the Ft.Wayne consolidated schools and returned to Indiana and that position mid Aug.1963-just ten years after my departure date for the first time Aug.1953. I quickly settled into my new job and home and thoroughly enjoyed being with my family and loved ones again.

I purchased a comfortable home in N.Ft.Wayne where I immeadiately started gathering together my belongings which had been stored or loaned-out during my absence. I enjoyed my work and the more relaxed atmosphere worked wonders on the eye problem which had plagued me overseas.I decided to start the long delayed work on a Masters Degree in Education. I again enrolled at my first school of higher education in Muncie but it was now known as Ball State U. This was an ambitious undertaking as I worked full time and commuted to classes in Muncie at least twice a week-a two hour drive each way.

The next eleven years until retirement were to pass quickly. These too were busy ones but the responsibilities and tensions were much less than overseas.The troublesome eye problem improved- my tonsils were removed (at age 56) and my general health was excellent

The awareness that Barbara Jo's health was not the best cast a shadow over the otherwise serene oicture. Although the distance to Col. was considerable, there were visits made one way or another twice or more each year and I made some plans for retirement in Col.,purchasing a tract of land south of Denver near the location of the Air Force Academy where many of my military friends had already retired and settled.Althou very thin and seeming to tire very easily,B.J. continued to work full time and absolutely refused to discuss her health with any degree of seriousness,thus word of what was to be her final illness came as a terrible shock to me. As I was soon to learn,B.J. had known the true status of her health for many years and determined to keep it as her own personal secret as long as possible. Prior to the marriage she had shared the facts of the case with Dan but bound him to secrecy as a conditionof their marriage vows. Protecting me from the burden of that knowledge was a sacred charge and one of the most difficult burdens which Dan claims he ever expects to carry.I have finally come to respect their right to this secrecy but at first I could not understand or accept it.

My world stood still for an empty period of time following that fateful day,March 19,1966. I managed to keep moving one day at a time and trying to feel grateful for each day that I managed to survive.Requirements for completion of the M.A.degree were finally accompolished and the degree was granted that June 1966. The beloved son-in-law was present for the ceremony.

I continued on with my work and finally established a projected retirement date of July 1,1974.The plans for retirement in Col. were no longer being considered. The tract of land was transferred to Dan to do with as he chose.

Recognizing the need to keep busy and concerned with new things following my retirement on July 1,1974, I had volunteered my services as dorm mother,counseler to the Alaska Methodist U. in Anchorage.I had visited the area the previ us summer and was eager for a longer stay-maybe 2/3 years.

I sold my home in Ft,Wayne,stored my treasured belongings and arrived in Anchorage just two weeks following my retirement date. The 1974/75 school year was an "action packed" period as I did my best to serve the pupils at A.M.U. and still find time for some travel away from the Anchorage area. A special high light of the year was a surprise visit by my brother Dick,in mid October. His weeks stay was far too brief but we managed to crowd in an over night train trip to Fairbanks,a good long look at beautiful Mt.McKinley,a days drive down to Portage Glacier and another drive out through the Famous Matanuska Valley homestead area. His visit gave my lagging spirits a real boost and I settled in for the long dark weeks of the AK.winter.Except for a couple bad spills on the ice which kept me on crutches for a few weeks, there were no health problems of any consequence-even tho' AK. experienced one of its coldest winters on record.Everyone dressed for it and limited their activities accordingly. The electric blanket blanket on the bed and the head-bolt heaters on the car each got a good work-out. The faculty and staff all stretched their capabilities in an effort to keep the students busy and out of trouble during those long dark days.

Outside activities were limited by the severe weather and problems of drug and liquor abuse increased. My education in these areas was greatly enhanced, believe me. Plans to close the University at the end of the school year due to financial problems dampened the spirits of every one and morale sank to an all time low. Many pupils dropped out and a few faculty members sought employment elsewhere. The school has not yet been sold or reopened but some of the facilities have been leased for temporary use by the Anchorage branch of the Uni. of Alaska. It is sad to see that lovely campus stand unused and neglected. I remained in AK. until early Oct., traveling almost constantly, in an effort to visit the people and places of special interest before leaving the state.

Although it was impossible to cover all points of that large state I felt fairly satisfied with the coverage I made during those 17 months I lived up there. Let me list some of the major junkets as I recall them.

#1-Various trips to Fairbanks & Mt. McKinley by air, rail and highway. I should not want to live in Fairbanks-Too cold in winter-too hot in summer-too near the pipeline and Mosquitoes.

#2-Alyeska Ski Resort-Beautiful-just a one hour drive from Anchorage.

#3-Portage Glacier- Big, beautiful and easily photographed since you can get so close to it. A 1½ Hr. drive from Anchorage.

#4-Seward & Homer-fishing towns at so. end of Kenai Peninsula. Nice drive south thru pretty lake and mountains.

#5-Columbia Glacier-must be viewed from air or water-located on Prince William Sound. I won a free tour for two down there and have some excellent pictures.

#6-Valdez-no longer the "Switzerland of Alaska". Southern terminus of the great pipe line. Original town was destroyed in the terrible earthquake.

#7-Glacier Bay National Monument- the most beautiful scenery in Alaska. Went in by boat and chartered a flight over the vast snow fields.

#8-Point Barrow-Largest eskimo village in AK. located near Prudhoe Bay and is being ruined by too many white men. most notherly place in N.A.

#9-Prudhoe Bay-north end of pipe line. most interesting-barren-cold but a thrilling place to visit.

#10-Kotzebue-Most authenic AK. Eskimo village left-n. of Artic Circle. Ver little has changed here. I got my best eskimo pictures here.

#11-Nome-Old gold rush settlement and a disaster area now except for the tourist trade and the King Island Eskimo dancers who have recently migrated here to settle. We visited some interesting new gold mining operations inland a couple hrs. drive-two large gold dredges at work.

#12-Pribilof Isls.- St. Paul isl. is the site of the U.S. Govt. controlled seal harvesting grounds-very interesting trip in mid july to see the harvest-have some good pictures. Got there thru curtesy of Bob. Reeves-the famous Glacier pilot who made room for me on his cargo flight after our charter flight had been cancelled twice. What an experience.

#13-Kodiak Isl.-had wanted to see some of the big Kodiak bears-no luck-even tho' we charted a special flight for two hours. Also attended the open air drama "The cry of the wild ram". Very impressive account of the Russian settlement in AK. Went fossil hunting and toured large fish canneries. Kodiak is very pretty with a mild climate.

#14-Katmai National Monument- valley of 10,000 smokes- site of big volcanic eruption (1912) which filled a whole valley with molten lava-now red rock-and spewed volcanic ash over most all of S.AK. sometimes three ft. deep. much still visible on Kodaik Isl. Heres where I met (and was hugged by) Johnny Denver-at Katmai Lodge.

#15-Juneau & Sitka- on inside passage-visited each place several times Juneau has the state capital buildings ,etc.plus the beautiful Mendenhall Glacier as a special attraction.Sitka is a lovely little "Jewel by the sea"-of great historical interest.The Presbyterian college-Sheldon Jackson (first college in AK.) is located there. One of the most interesting museums in all AK. is on the S.J. campus.The well known Mt.Edgecomb B.S.A. boarding school is located across the bay.

#16-Tok & Whitehorse-towns visited enroute to White Pass R.R. which took me south along the Klondike Trail to Skagway-A beautiful Ride.

#17-Cold Bay-midway out on the Aleutian Chain-cold-isolated-a refueling station.

#18-Various chartered weekend flights out to remote fishing villages on the Yukon River and Bering sea coast.Good pictures and authentic views of present day eskimo life.

It was a busy season of traveling and also formulating plans for the next junket Down Under,so as to avoid Alaska's winter and to avoid Australia's hot simmer.As the departure date drew near the temptation was great to remain on for another year in Alaska or else to head directly for Indiana.There were heart tugs from both directions but the plans were already made and it was a heavy hearted Harriet who bade her AK. friends farewell on Oct.1975 as she headed south for the long swing home via Australia and New Zealand.Once I was on my way I was so glad that I had made that decision.

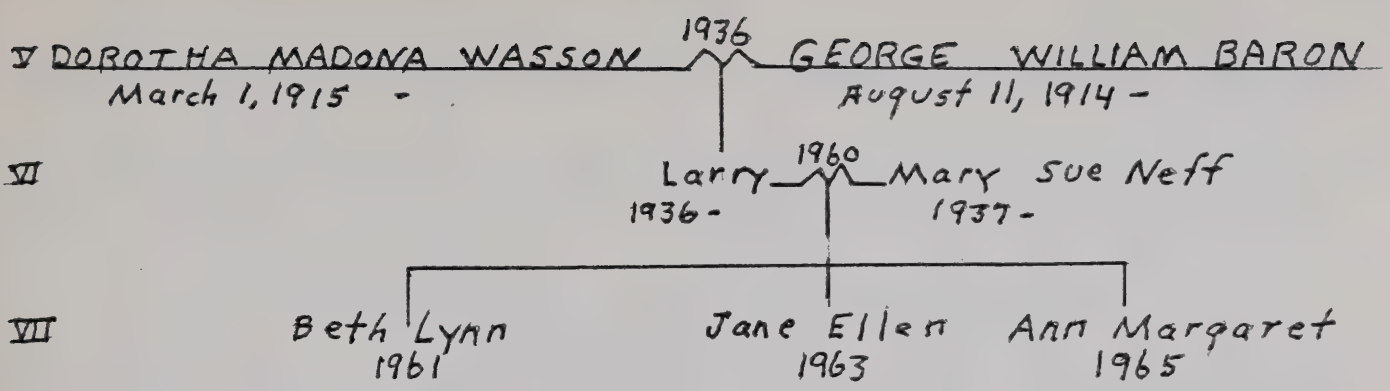
Surviving the long,hot but tremenduously interesting visit to the Down Under,I decided to visit a few relatives and many friends in western USA.before heading for Indiana. Traveling had now become an accepted way of life. The end of the line was reached when Dick,Maxine and Jon.drove to Davenport,Iowa to me by car to St.Louis,Mo. Dorothy and George brought me from St.Louis to Michigan and Indiana in time to celebrate my birthday on April 20,1976.

I soon found a nice farm home availble for rent,located near my home town of Butler. The farm home needed a big dose of TLC and muscle power. The transformation process is still keeping me busy and happy.

May it ever be thus.

Continued from next page.

LARRY WAYNE BARON:b.Dec.30,1936 in Newville,Ind.1936-53 see parents Bio.VF
1954-Graduated Butler High School.
1958-Graduated Indiana University - six months ROTC service.
1959-Proctor & Gambel Co. - Sales Division.
1960-August 20 - MARRIED
MARY SUE NEFF:b.Dec.5,1937 in Evansville,Indiana.
1955-Graduated Evansville High School.
1960-Lived in Evansville.
1962-Moved to Cincinati,Ohio.
1964-Moved to Columbus (Pickerington),Ohio.
1970-Moved to Richmond,Virginia.



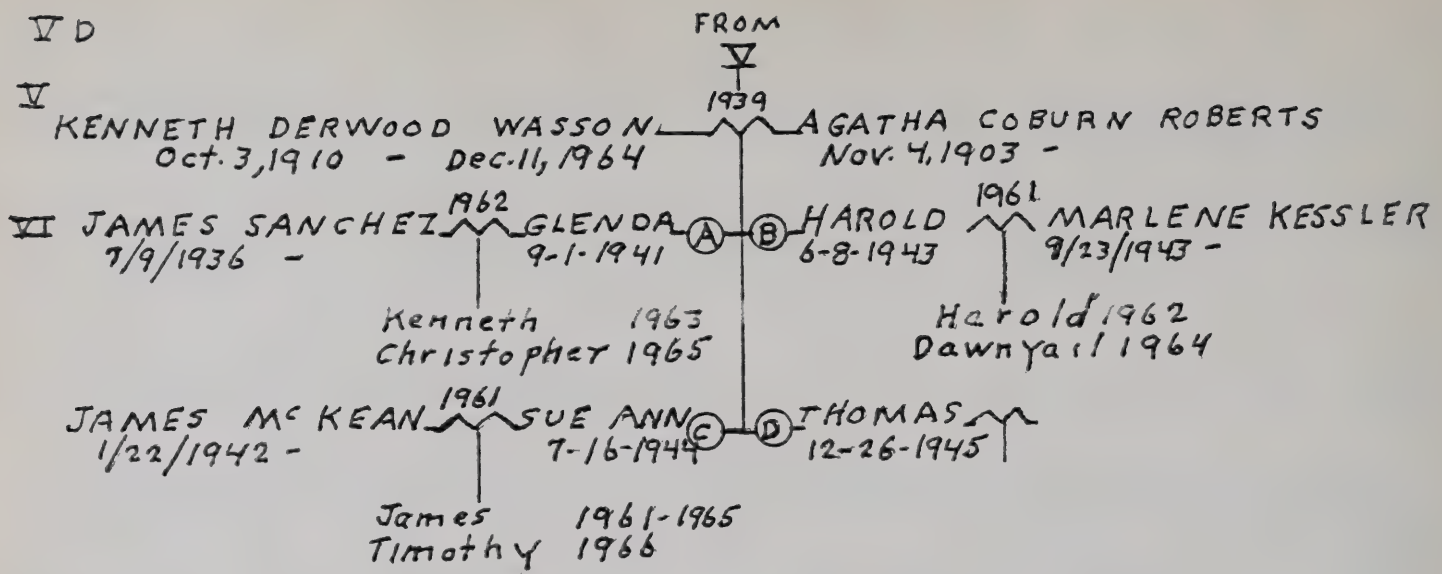
V-DOROTHA MADONA WASSON:b.March 1,1915 on a farm in Concord Township:
1933 -Graduated St.Joe High School.1915-1935 see fathers Biography IV-D.
1936 April 11 - MARRIED
GEORGE WILLIAM BARON:b.Aug.11,1914 in Newville,Ind.Graduated St.Joe H.S.
1932,lived in Newville and worked for Brinkman Sign Co.
1936-Started house keeping in Ollie Smiths upstairs apartment in Newville.
1938-Moved to Harry Smiths house in Newville.
1940-Moved to Clara Brounson house.
1941-Moved to 1230 Barthold St.,Ft.Wayne.George went to work for the General Electric Co.-Winter St. Later transferred to super-charger plant on Tayler St. Dor. started work at this plant also. Larry attended kindergarden,first and second grades at the Bloomingdale school.
1944-Moved to Butler and bought house at 512 East Green St.Bought the Dairy Bar with Dor's brother,Kenneth.This included several operations; Milk,Ice,Dray,Bus,and Ice Cream.
1953-Built new home at 320 West Liberty St.,Butler 46721. George worked part time with Wilson Masonery from 1944 to 1955.
1954-Sold Dairy Bar.Dor. worked in school cafeteria.
1955-Dor.left the cafeteria and went to the Marshall Clothing office. George left Wilson and went with Maxton's Motors-Used Car Department.
1966-Dor went with Hendrickson-Tandem office.
1968-Dor.went with Maxton Motors.
1969-Bought small cottage on north shore of Lake Lavine,near the N.E. corner of the lake.Added a large living room to the front of the cottage with a basement containing a heating unit,water pump,etc. Also installed new siding on the entire house making a big improvement.
1971-Bought large house next door (west) then moved permanently to the lake.Sold cottage next door and house in Butler.This was now thier new home driving to thier work in Butler,a distance of 35 miles. A number of improvements were made, both inside and outside, including painting,an addition to the rear of the house,renovating the large rock garden on the bank in front of the house,a new Pontoon Float and many others. They take an active interest in thier Community Association with Dor. being secretary. George spends as much time as possible on the lake-Bluegill fishing and is an avid ice-fisherman.

They have many relatives and friends who visit them during the summer months to enjoy the lake and fishing.These include thier son and family of three girls,Dor's sister's Harriet and Pauline and several brothers and thier families.

They are looking forward to retirement at this beautiful spot and fully enjoy doing at thier leisure what they have always had to do in a hurry.

Lake Lavine is located in Michigan-close to the Indiana line and ½ mile directly west of Lake George which is close to the intersection of the Indiana Turnpike and Interstate 69.

Interment is planned for the Butler Cemetery.(Continued on previous Page)



V KENNY;As he was known by his family,was born on a farm in Concord Township-North of St.Joe.
1910-1926 See fathers Biography 1V-D. Started school at the Hablawetz rural school-four years and completed his schooling at the St.Joe. consolidated school. He helped his father on the farm and picked up odd jobs on the milk route,the railroad and farming.He also raised pigs for show at the Hicksville Fair.
He spent about one year (1935) with his sister in New York State and her brother-in-law,Harold Greene who had a farm near Geneva,N.Y. During this period he was employed by the local Gas & Electric Company on an extensive gas conversion project. Upon returning to his home he was employed by Phend and Drown-Road and Bridge Construction Company for six years approximately 1936 to 1943.
1939-March 31:MARRIED.
GAY ROBERTS.They found temporary quarters near Kenny's work until the spring of 1943 when they located in Butler along with their daughter Glenda Gay who was now one and a half years old.
He was employed by the Butler Milk Condensary for two years prior to joining his sister,Dorotha as part owner of the Butler Dairy Bar.After a short time he left the Dairy Bar to start his own trucking business. Needing more space for his family and trucks,they purchased a small 26 acre farm located on the South West side of Butler,where they lived until his death in 1964. He is buried in the Butler Cemetery.

GAY ROBERTS:born in Benzonia,Missouri.Attended Hicksville School-4yrs. Newville school-4yrs. and St.Joe H.S.-3 years.After her husbands death she continued to live at the farm until Oct.9,1976,when she exchanged homes with her daughter Sue Ann and her husband Jim.The smaller place in town being more convienent for her with the farm being more suitable for the larger family. She was previously married to Floyd Roberts, having three children by this marriage-Richard,Jeff and Dorothy Jean.

"Kenny" was made a mason,March 18,1954-Forest Lodge # 239,Butler,Ind.

V (A). GLENDA GAY WASSON: b. Sept. 1, 1941: Sauders hospital, Auburn, Ind.
Graduated Butler H.S. 1959. attended Purdue University 1959/1960.
Joined the U.S. AirForce-stationed at San Antonio, Texas.
1962, Oct. 24: MARRIED
JAMES SANCHEZ: b. July 9, 1936: Martindale, Texas. Graduated H.S. and joined the U.S. AIR Force.
Glenda is attending Eastern Michigan College at Yipsilanti, Michigan for a B.A. degree in 1977.

SANCHEZ CHILDREN

Kenneth Xavier Sanchez: b. Oct. 25, 1963: Newport News, Virgina.

Christopher Ryan Sanchez: b: May 22, 1965: Angola, Indiana.
They are attending school in Bellville, Mich. Parents address:
2121 Rawsomville Rd. Belleville, Michigan 48111 (near Detroit)

V (B). HAROLD D. WASSON: b. June 8, 1943: Sauders hospital, Auburn, Indiana.
Graduated Butler H.S. 1961. Completed Electricians Training in IBEW in 1970: Union Journeyman with IBEW.
He was named for Harold Greene who his father spent one year with in New York State. Lived in Butler until 1970. Present address:
1310 S. Pearl St., Auburn, Ind. 46706.
1961-Sept. 30, MARRIED.
ROSA MARLENE KESSLER: b. Sept. 23, 1943: Butler, Ind. Graduated H.S. 1961.
Received B.S. degree in Education-1976 from Indiana University - Ft. Wayne Regional Campus. Teaching 3rd. grade in Butler schools.

WASSON CHILDREN

Harold Duane Wasson; b. Oct. 8, 1962: Sauders hospital, Auburn, Indiana.
Butler elementary school and DeKalb County H.S., Auburn, Ind.

DAWNYAIL MARIE WASSON: b. June 30, 1964: Sauders hospital, Auburn, Indiana
Butler elementary school and DeKalb County Jr. H.S.

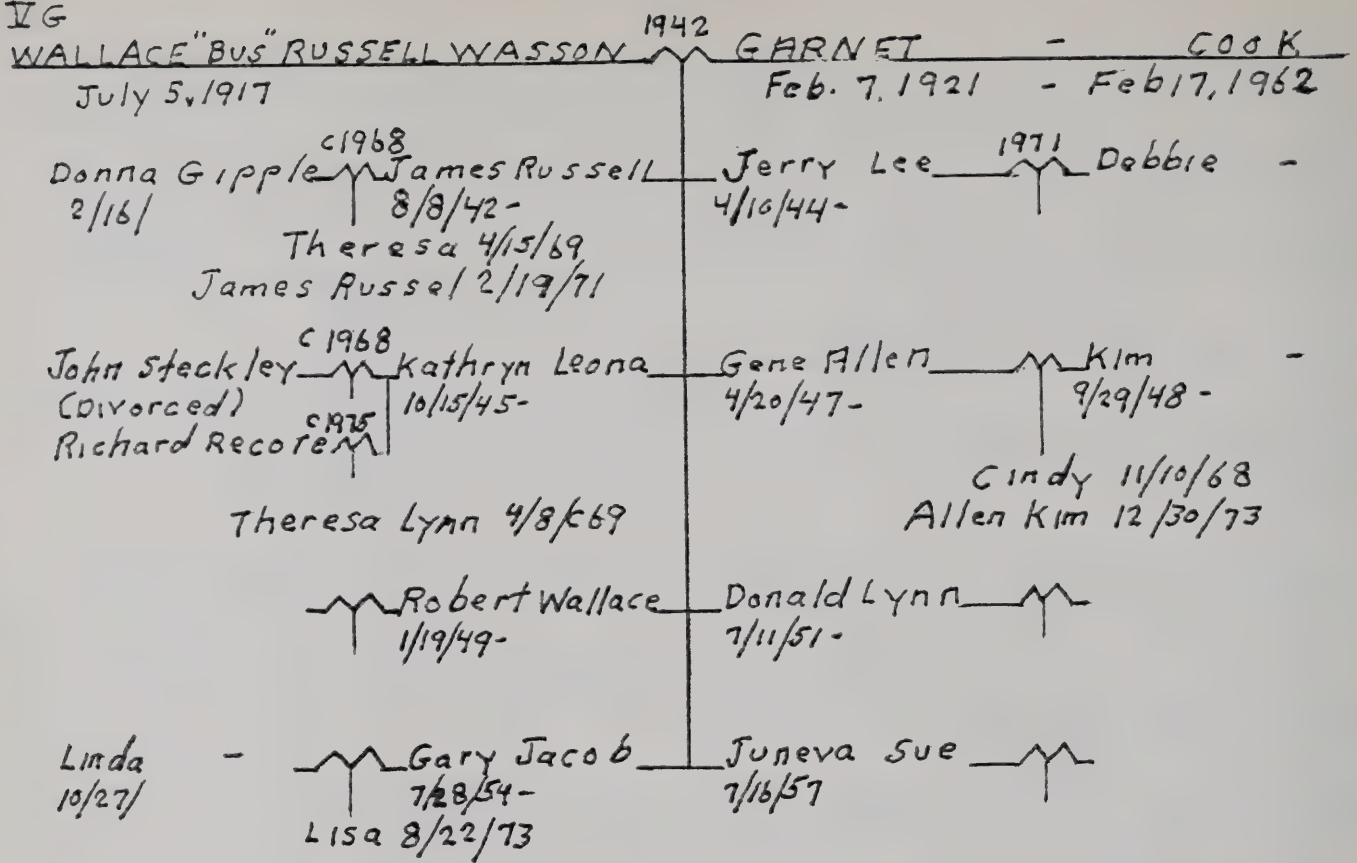
V (C). SUE ANN WASSON: b. July 16, 1944: Sauders hospital, Auburn, Indiana.
Graduated Butler H.S.
1961-Jan. 8 MARRIED
JAMES LYNN McKEAN: b. Jan. 22, 1942: Franklin Township, DeKalb county, Ind.

McKEAN CHILDREN

James Lynn McKean: b. April 12, 1961: d. Oct. 18, 1965. Buried in Butler Cem.
Timothy Lynn McKean: b. June 18, 1966: Garrett hospital, Garrett, Indiana.

V (D). THOMAS WALLACE WASSON: b. Dec. 26, 1945. Sauders hospital, Auburn, Ind.
(9#-2oz.) Graduated Butler H.S. 1964. Attended International Business College- 2 years at Ft. Wayne.
1966-1969 U.S. Army: 1 yr.-USA: 1½ yrs.-Germany and 6 months in Vietnam.
Personal work-Spec V.
1969-1971 two years at I.U. Regional Campus at Ft. Wayne-Business Major.
Now with the city of Ft. Wayne as clerk in city/county building.

FROM
V

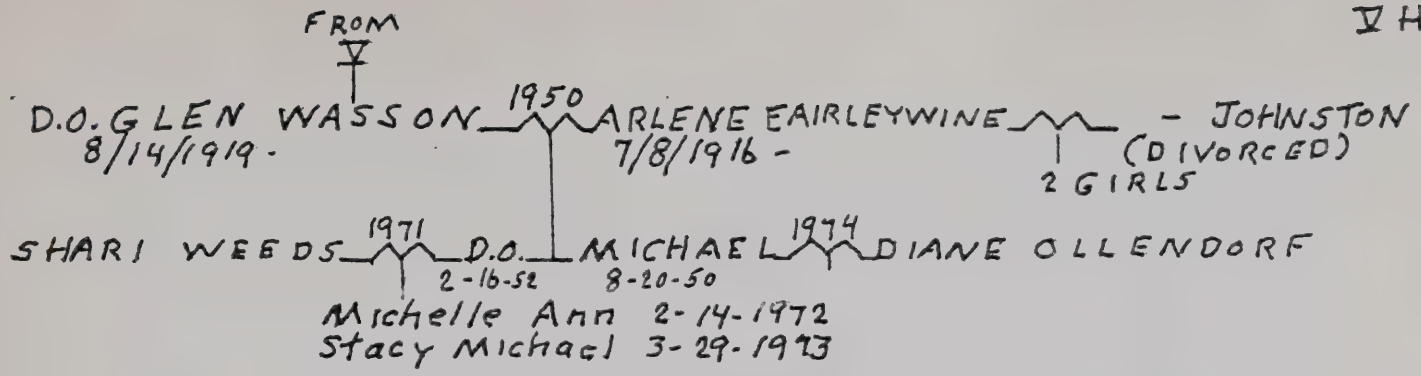


"BUSS" - As he has always been known. See fathers Biography for record of his early life. He attended the public schools of Concord township and lived with his parents until his marriage - Dec.24,1942,to his former schoolmate,Garnet. They had eight children-six sons and two daughters.Some years before Garnets death they had moved into Butler hoping this would be a little easier on her frail health.
He worked for several years with the Baker Construction Company-Road builders of St.Joe. Lester and Thelma Baker were especially good to them in their illness and hardships. He went with the Universal Tool & Stamping company after the Baker Company went out of business. He was with them for several years until his recent heart attack after which he had to find lighter work.He is now with the Chapman Auto Parts Corp. a few miles west of Butler on Rte.#6. He has always enjoyed bowling and does some "Ham" radio work;recently has become a "CB" enthusiast.

The children are all married except the youngest,Juneva who resides at home and works for the Universal Tool and Stamping co.;Jim,Don and Gary live in Ohio;Jerry in Illinois;Gene in Florida;Bob in Arizona and Kathy in Louisiana.

KATHRYN:b.in Butler.Graduated Butler H.S.Married John Steckley about 1948.They lived in Wisconson where Theresa Lynn was born in 1969. She suffered a broken back in an automobile accident and is confined to a wheel chair.She lived with her father for a while and shortly after her divorce c1972,went to Arizona where she remarried.She now lives in La.

GENE:b in Butler.Graduated Butler H.S.Enlisted in the U.S.Army. Was a large equipment operator in Vietnam. After his discharge he returned to Vietnam as equipment operator for a constructor. Married KIM in Vietnam. He returned to Butler where he worked for a while.He then moved to Florida and attended a large equipment training school where he now resides and works at his trade.


FROM
D.O. GLEN WASSON 1950 ARLENE EAIRLEYWINE - JOHNSTON
8/14/1919 - 7/8/1916 - (DIVORCED)
2 GIRLS
SHARI WEEDS 1971 D.O. MICHAEL 1974 DIANE OLLENDORF
2-16-52 8-20-50
Michelle Ann 2-14-1972
Stacy Michael 3-29-1973

D.O.-Born on farm in Wilmington Twp.Schools-St.Joe-6½yrs: Stafford Center 1½ yrs:Butler H.S.-4 yrs Graduating 1938.
1943 Jan.20-U.S.Army,Amphibious Engineers. Camp Perry,Ohio:Camp Swift, Texas:Camp Pope,Louisiana:Ft.Peires,Florida:Camp Picket,Va. & Ft.Dix.N.J.
1944 Jan.9 European Theatre Operations- Injured prior to "D" day-6-6-44
1944 May 28 USA Stanton Island Hospital: Mayo General Hospital,Galesburg,Ill.: Percy Jones Hospital,Ft.Custer,Mich.
1945 Apr.30 Discharged with rank of T/5. Went to work for foundry in Auburn,Ind.-Non-ferrous products. Now lead furnace tender.
1950 Feb.18 MARRIED Lived in Newville and near Waterloo.
1970 Built new home in Butler at 108 Park Lane Drive,46121. He has a copy of a 'book' titled "Wassons of USA 1938-1939" by W.A.Wasson 76 No. 9th. street,Newark,N.J.(Pauline has a copy)
Interment planned for Newville Cemetery.

Michael Dee-Born in Concord Twp.attended Butler Elementery schools and graduated Butler East Side H.S. in 1968. May 1969-Enlisted in U.S.Army under delayed entry program.September-reported for active duty.Eight weeks basic training at Ft.Knox,Ky.,Ft.Eustis,Va.-Helicopter school-mechanic.
1970-May-To Vietnam as Heliocopter mechanic. 1971-April,home then to Nurenberg,Germany as Crew Chief Mechanic. 1972-April 14.Ft.Dix,N.J.
1975-May. Received discharge as rank of sargent.
1974-May 25,MARRIED. Works for Henderson Trailor Corp.,Butler,Ind. Diane Kay Ollendorf. They live at Butler,Rt.#2,46121.

Deo Glen - Born in Newville Twp. attended Butler elementary schools and graduated Butler East Side H.S. in 1970. Attended Midwesten College in Ft.Wayne on a scholarship (deafness).
1971-July 10,MARRIED Shari Weeds. Feb.14,1972 Michelle Ann was born in Hicksville,Ohio. April 6,Enlisted in USAF-Strategic Command to Lackland AF Base,San Antonio,Texas for basic training. Fairchild AF Base, Washington for specialized training. Bisque,Fla.-Water survival training. Fairchild AF Base,Kinchloe AF Base,Mich. Mar.29,1973. Stacy Michael was born at Kinchloe AF Base.Dec.26,1974 Left California for Thailand.
1975-Nov. To Charleston,S.C. then to Grissom AF Base.
1976-April 6,Discharged with Sargents rating. Employed at Crane Edmond Corp.,Butler as press operator.Address: 108 Park Lane,Butler,Ind.46121.
1975 Divorced. Children awarded to care of Grandparents-D.O.and Arlene.

FROM V

V J

RICHARD ELWOOD WASSON — 1947 — HELEN MAXINE NICHOLS
Mar. 9, 1922 - Nov. 15, 1928 -

JON
1956

JONATHON COLLIER WASSON: b. June 23, 1956 in Cincinnati Hospital.
Education:
1961 -North College Hill Elementary School, Cincinnati, Ohio.
1968 -Mehlville High School - Grades-seven and eight.
1970 -Oakville Senior High School, St. Louis, Mo.
1974 -Graduated Oakville H.S.
-Entered Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. for a course in medicine.

Jon became an antique car buff after obtaining an old delapitated 1930 Model A TUDOR FORD and doing a complete restoration job-both inside and out, with considerable engine overhaul involved. He later restored a 1929 Model A ROADSTER with a Rumble seat.

Jon is an ambitious and hard working boy: doing odd jobs around the neighborhood, later mowing lawns and helping others with their projects to earn money for his anticipated education and his antique car hobby. He also worked at a St. Louis hospital and became interested in medicine, which he is now pursuing as a career.

HELEN MAXINE NICHOLS WASSON: b. Nov. 15, 1928 on a farm in Concord Twp. near Orangeville, DeKalb County. This Nichols farm has been in the family for several generations.

The gracious brick house overlooking the St. Joe river is the home of Maxine's mother, Hazel. There seems to have been a pattern in family births; Simon-Maxine's father was one of three children-Simon, Parlia (Hull) and Madeline (Lemon). Likewise Maxine has one sister-Betty (Brown) and a brother, deceased.

Maxine graduated from St. Joe H.S. 1947. She furthered her education at the University of Cincinnati; St. Louis County Junior College and at present is a senior at the Notre Dame campus in St. Louis.

Having been surrounded with antiques in the family, it was natural that she should continue this interest. She now lives in a home overlooking the Mississippi river and her home is furnished with lovely antiques.

A busy wife, mother and student she still finds time for golf.

RICHARD ELWOOD WASSON: b. Mar. 9, 1922 on a farm in Concord Twp.
(See attached autobiography)

RICHARD ELWOOD WASSON

VJ2

In our Country's Bicentennial Year, 1976, my brother-in-law, Donald Greene, has asked me to write my autobiography. This, I fear, is going to tax the memory of this old, fifty-four-year-old man. Nevertheless, I will attempt to cover these past years, as an adjunct to our family tree, to pass on to my son, Jonathan.

I was born on March 9, 1922, on the old "Bowman Farm", located some three miles north of St. Joe, Indiana, on what is now designated as State Road #1.

The first four years of my life left very few memories of any consequence. I do know that I was the last of nine children born to the marriage of Wallace Wasson and Eva Steele.

By the time I was able to remember, two of my elder sisters, Pauline and Harriet, were gone from home attending college. One of my elder brothers, Lewis, was also gone from home working for an electric power company. So, I grew up in those first years with one sister, Dorotha, and three brothers, Kenneth, Russell, and D.O.

About the first thing I can remember is D.O. and I being very sick. We became very stiff and could hardly get in or out of bed. I don't remember, but Mother told me that we had large swollen areas on our body which the doctor wanted to lance. I do remember Mother inviting the doctor to leave her house! Mother could do that with a very convincing voice, as I witnessed in later years. However, we did survive.

I remember our first car, a 1926 four door Chevrolet bought from Furnish Motors, Spencerville, Indiana. Dad traded a horse or cow in for the down-payment. I also remember Dorotha cranking this car and ending up with a broken arm.

The next thing I remember about my young life was my first experience on moving day. Dad, being a tenant farmer, would make many more moves before my adult life. However, this being my first move, and at an age when I would be in everyone's way, I was left at the neighbors. Doc and Emma Hull's farm was just across the road from "Bowman's" place so I could watch the wagonloads of household furniture as they passed by, followed by the hay, grain, and farm machinery. When the livestock moved by, I was retrieved to travel to my new home. My stay at Emma's was highlighted by many of her excellent cookies and a fall into Emma's "slop bucket". This container, a large pail, was placed in a convenient spot next to the stove to hold the potatoe peelings, dishwater, and other assorted "goodies" until it had to be emptied (to the pigs). Somehow, I tripped over something, which was not difficult to do in Emma's house, and ended up head first into the aforementioned bucket. Naturally, I had to be stripped, washed, and wrapped in a comforter while Mrs. Hull washed and dried my clothes. Once again, I survived. I must have been about four years old at the time. The year, 1926.

So, I moved to our new farm known as the "Simanton Farm", some three miles southeast of "Bowman's". This road is now known as the Newville Pickle Factory Road. The excitement of our new place and the many new areas to explore kept me busy for the next year and a half.

Four outstanding memories of the "Simanton Farm" will always be with me. Our dog, Trinket, died and was buried beside the drive. I cut off a finger while I thought I was helping Dad unload a load of corn. I started to school at St. Joe in 1928. Last, but notleast, I remember Mother being called in a hurry to a neighbor's house and, to come home much later, to say the Nicholls' had a new baby girl. Little did I realize that some nineteen years later, the Nicholls' new baby girl would be my wife.

I suppose I should also include the memory of our first pony, Buster. Being very poor and surrounded with farm animals, I had never given any thought about a pony. However, a Dr. Shook from Spencerville loaned out his ponies to anyone who had pasture land and would feed them through the winter. Being small myself and the pony quite large, naturally I did not get to ride Buster too frequently. He was rather spirited and could run like lightning (toward home), as I remember it. "We boys" fashioned a racing sulky from an old iron corn plow and hooked Buster up to it. Going away from home back into the river bottom, everything went well. However, when we turned to come home, Buster got in a hurry. The faster he went, the more the corn plow rattled, and by the time we arrived at the driveway, we were going at a "pretty good clip". Russell was driving and D.O. and I were hanging on. As we entered the driveway, the corn-plow sulky came up on one wheel and I thought it would surely overturn, but the Lord was with us, or so I thought. The next thing I remember is seeing Mother come out of the house, go by the wood pile and pick up the axe. When she finished with our sulky, there would be no more wild rides. I'm sure, knowing Mother, that she also impressed upon all of us the seriousness of our fun by administering a whipping.

Shortly after having my finger cut off, a neighbor, Bill Sechler, gave me a setting of duck eggs which we hatched with the assistance of a cooperative hen. When the ducks matured, I sold them to Walter Baker, proprietor of the Concord General Store. I'm not too sure of the source, but the money from the duck sale bought me my first suit of clothes with knicker pants.

If I recall accurately, I believe my eldest sister, Pauline, was married to Donald Greene while we lived on the "Simanton Farm". My eldest brother, Lewis, was also married during this period, 1922-29.

I am now seven or eight years old and big enough to help as we prepare to move again. This time we move just a short distance up the "back road" to the "Yeiser Farm", on what is now known as State Road #8.

Our new home promised new excitement and adventure - a meandering creek, a sugar camp, and a tremendously big hill in back of the barn for sliding. There were new buildings to challenge the adventure of the young mind - an old barn, a silo, and an ice barn, coupled with the joy of a close neighbor, Penland, with lots of kids. A beautiful attic was over the kitchen which provided a wonderful place to crack nuts on a cold winter's day in the belly of the old "iron frog".

My years on the "Yeiser Farm" began as I entered the third grade, after having passed through the first two learning absolutely nothing. Now it was different - I had a new and strict teacher, my sister, Harriet! Josephine Kees, the teacher for grades one and two, had been a very nice mother but now I had to learn! Ah me! Life was at a very low ebb.

As it has been in the past, and will be in the future, Spring came and all the troubles of a small boy were washed away with the birth of another summer.

It's time to go swimming, a forbidden pleasure until July 4. Russell, D.O., and I were inclined to start the season early "like when" the ice melted and gently floated down the creek. It was under these conditions that Mother popped over the hill to find us enjoying the sport of the first swim. Our pleasure was soon ended as Mother cut a healthy switch from a convenient tree. Naturally, being caught in Mother Nature's attire, we were not about to suffer the indignities of a whipping on our bare behinds. The other boys, being quicker and less afraid, made their escape. However, Mother, being a very large person, could still move very quickly and I paid the penalty. The cold of the creek was soon lost to the heat of my behind. I'm sure the older boys got their whipping later if they wanted anything to eat.

The big hill, I mentioned earlier, came into play much more quickly than we had planned. The creek served a dual-purpose, swimming and a place to water the horses. As Dad would return from the field after a hard day's work, he would pull the harnesses off the horses and "we three boys" would be required to ride the horses to water. I would always ride "Old Dick", the biggest and gentlest horse, as well as the pride of the family, having been raised from a colt. Somehow I don't remember how it started, but I surely remember how it ended. "We boys" had a practice of riding the horses down the steepest part of the big hill and one day, after a heavy rain, we found that the horses, in an effort to protect themselves, would stiffen their legs and we would proceed to slide to the bottom of the hill. Great sport, or so we thought. Dad took an entirely different view of the foolishness and proceeded to administer a whipping with the hitching strap. What was a young lad to do for enjoyment?

Fall harvest was complete with the coming of the threshing machine. A great day in the life of a small boy; "lots and lots of goodies" as the neighbor ladies and men joined together to harvest the grain from one farm to another. Naturally, the kids were free to roam and get into trouble as the older folks were busy preparing the meal and bringing in the grain.

Another memory of the "Yeiser Farm" days was the day Dad took me to the mill. He loaded up a wagon-box full of wheat and we traveled, what seemed like eternity, to the gristmill at Spencerville, Indiana. This mill was on the bank of the St. Joe River and water-powered a very large wheel which turned the grinding stones. We returned quite late with many sacks of flour that were stored in the attic for Mother to make home-made bread.

Winter came and the big hill was now ready to be used for sliding. "We boys" had been preparing for this day by removing the body off an old sleigh leaving just the frame and runners. Who was to be first - the bravest, or didn't he want to be called a coward? Anyhow, somebody went down safely and soon the whole group was sliding. Boy, would it go! Sometime during the sliding season, Dorothy was encouraged, or threatened, until she took a solo ride. The sleigh turned sideways and upset and Dorothy had a broken arm, for the second time. Once again, our sporting days were shortened and we were limited to sliding down on a scoop shovel.

The ice barn was filled with ice cut from the St. Joe River and packed in the barn in a cover of sawdust. We could practically taste the ice cream that would be made using this ice.

Grandmother Wasson came to live with us. I really don't remember too much about Grandmother. We didn't seem to share the typical grandmother/grandson relationship I see today. Looking back, I reason that there were so many grandchildren to love that she just never got around to seeing me, the smallest of the lot. I do remember that Mother and Grandmother did not really have much in common. My most vivid memory of Grandmother is the day she came downstairs carrying her "pot" and slipped. She, pot, and contents came tumbling down the stairs and things did not smell very pleasant. I don't know if Grandmother was hurt or not. Somehow, Grandmother passed out of my life and memory, being replaced by Uncle Harry, Dad's brother. Here, too, Mother very definitely did not care for Uncle Harry and his visits were very short.

Lots of talk among the neighbors about politics; sometimes it would become very heated. It seems that the world was getting into a terrible shape and Coolidge had to be replaced.

Church services on Sunday, an absolute MUST in Mother's mind, leave memories of the heated debates about drinking alcoholic beverages and the possible move by the government to make it legal. Baptism in the St. Joe River which ran by the church brought me into the United Brethern Church at the age of ten with absolutely no knowledge or awareness of the deity. I do remember that those who prayed the longest and memorized the most biblical passages were considered the religious leaders of the neighborhood. I also know, now that I am older and look back, many of these so-called religious leaders were nothing more than hypocrites.

The political discussions heated up and now we must get Coolidge out and put Hoover in if we are going to save our Country.

Money is practically non-existent and food is mainly provided from the farm. Some surplus products are sold to provide cash for sugar, salt, pepper, coal oil, and replacement of badly worn clothing. Shoes were resoled with do-it-yourself, stick-on soles that would invariably come loose at the toe. Food was mainly pork and beans with variations of same, coming under the disguise of baked beans. There was lots of Mother's good homemade bread right from the oven of our large wood-burning cook stove. Regardless of the time of the year or what the temperature happened to be, Mother baked. She had to! Overalls were patched upon patch and handed down to the next member of the family. By the time they were passed on to me, I would have been the epitome of style in today's society.

Harriet is married while we live on the "Yeiser Farm". I remember the flock of young fellows that would congregate on Sunday afternoon with their sleek new cars; Lester Schneider, Carl Schaffer, and Russell Tustisin, all with new 1929 Chevrolet Coupes and disc wheels, pretending to visit Kenneth. However, as I look back, each one was spending a lot of time trying to impress Harriet. A new fellow showed up with a 1929 Ford Coupe and he soon had Harriet in his corner.

Times continue to get worse and Mother got a job in Butler, Indiana, working in a garment factory. I don't have any idea how much money she made, but I do remember payday. Mother would come home with "store-bought" bread, cookies, and rolls; a real delicacy to a farm boy that had never tasted anything but "homemade" food.

Mother bought a car, a tremendously large car, a Buick, I believe. I have no idea how she learned to drive as I'm sure she had never driven our first car. I'm not sure she even had a license, or needed one. Life took on a new meaning with Mother working and bringing home a paycheck.

World conditions had worsened and a new president, Franklin Roosevelt, was elected. The year, 1933.

Work opportunities were created through his W.P.A. program. The old "back road" was widened and graveled by hand by men who had been out of a job for a long time.

Dad and his horses were in demand to scoop gravel. I fear he spent too much time in this profession to properly handle the farm. We were soon up for another move. The year, 1934.

This time we moved north three or four miles to the "Preacher Scoville's Farm". This move was to be traumatic for D.O. and me. We had moved out of Concord Township for the first time and would now have to attend a county school in Stafford Township containing some twenty-three students in all eight grades. D.O. was in the seventh grade and I was in the sixth. Our first day in the new school started off wrong as we watched the three neighbor girls, Harry Ginder's daughters, walk by. We knew we were in trouble. We waited until they had passed about a quarter of a mile then we started what seemed the last mile of our life. To make matters worse, the girls stopped as soon as they saw us, and we had to join them for the three-mile walk to school. Upon arriving at school and being stared at by all the pupils, we definitely realized the situation we were in.

This school had a "man" teacher, Dale Wagner, who had a reputation for being tough. He soon proved to our satisfaction that he was in-charge and we had some very enjoyable memories of our years at Stafford. Mr. Wagner was replaced by a "lady" teacher, an "old maid" by the name of Miss Wolf, who had a pet dog she called "Snuggles". She only lasted one year and, low and behold, who shows up on the scene but my sister, Harriet! Once again, I was compelled to become a "proper" student and "set-the-best-of-example" at all times.

I was given the job of janitor whereby I had to be at school early to get the wood fire going and the room heated before the rest of the pupils arrived. After school, I was required to fill the stove with wood, shake down the ashes, and deposit the ashes over the wood to retard the fire, holding it over until morning. For these duties, I received twenty-five cents per week, the first abuse of child labor in Stafford Township!

Nevertheless, I graduated from Stafford Township School in a country graduating ceremony held in DeKalb County Seat in Auburn, Indiana. I hesitate to enter this in this record for posterity, but I must be truthful. To properly prepare me for this ceremony, my sister, Dorotha, gave me a permanent wave. Curly hair was in great demand by boys my age. I must point out that the hair was not worn long. In fact, I had hardly enough to curl. The year was 1936.

By now, I'm a big boy, standing nearly six-foot tall. I am allowed to work away from homefor the first time and earn money. Lester Casbere has hired me to work on his large farm, and work I did - painted the roof on two large barns; hauled manure; and dug ditches for tile; - all for seventy-five cents a day! Looking back, this man was getting a full man's work from a young boy eager to make some money. I soon saved enough money to buy my first bicycle, a used one.

Mother was no longer working in the garment factory and Dad's health started to fail. D.O. was doing most of the farming. Times were not good.

Money earned from my summer job was spent on clothes to wear to high school in Butler. High school presented no real problems and I was selected for the high school basketball team. Life was fun. The year, 1936.

Due to Dad's declining health, we were soon on the move to another farm, the smallest I can remember. Sixty-three acres on the Auburn-Butler Road at the Junction of State Road #1. We had no car and transportation was my bicycle. Basketball and 4-H were my outside interests and I got a new job with the Grogg Dairy, just a half mile down the road. It wasn't long before I was living with the Grogg's and working from four in the morning until eight every night for $3.50 per week plus room and board. I did this and attended school at the same time. I'm sure the Grogg's realized our plight more than I did. We were poor and Dad was very sick.

Dorothy is married while we live here. All my sisters are gone now. Kenneth is working away with a bridge gang and Russell is employed away from home too. D.O. graduated in 1938. I have now purchased a new bicycle that I ride to-and-from school after basketball practice. Work at the dairy is still long and hard, but I enjoy my new family.

Dorothy has a baby boy at our house!

The year is 1939 and more and more I hear talk about war. I have my credits for graduating and am just "coasting" until April 20. Basketball is over and the annual high school championship is to be held in Indianapolis. It has been traditional to take the seniors from the basketball squad to Indianapolis each year. This year, under Cletus Jenkins, the coach, this tradition is changed and John Osborn and I are excluded from the trip. I am heartbroken! After brooding for several days, I thought the only way to get even was to quit school. This

is exactly what I did, one and one-half months before I would have been graduated. Very foolish of me and even more foolish to think a school of Butler's "caliber" would have permitted a situation of this nature to exist. Thinking back on events that followed, I conclude that maybe "Someone upstairs" had the last word. Jenkins was disgraced and removed for drawing dirty pictures on the walls of the school rooms after he had been promoted to School Superintendent.

Dad's health continues to grow worse and we move again. This time we move east three miles to the Indiana-Ohio line on what is known as the "Christopher Farm". Not a good farm - sandy, dry soil, and poor buildings. It was the last move for Dad. Kenneth marries Agatha Roberts. The year, 1939.

I buy my first car, a 1930 Model A, tudor, for $35.00. I trade in my bicycle for $17.00.

The beginning-of-the-end seems to be in sight. "Old Dick" died and with him a piece of Dad died too. They had been together for twenty-one years. If Dad had any claim to fame, it was his horsemanship and the teams he use to build around "Old Dick". If any farmer got stuck, "Wall and Old Dick would get them out" was the one spark that made Dad's eyes light up. The year, 1940.

Dad's health completely failed in the Spring of 1941 and D.O. attempted to take over all the farming. In May, Dad passed away.

I have accepted a new position with another dairy farmer in Auburn, Indiana, with much the same arrangements I had at Grogg's except I now make $12.50 per week. I enjoy my new home and new family. I have more freedom here with the Walter's family. I work hard and am soon promoted to my own dairy route. This gets me up early in the morning, but my afternoons and evenings are my own. I get a raise and with it comes the desire for another car. This time I get a 1935 Ford V-8 coupe with rumble seat. The year, 1941.

The talk of war is everywhere and Hitler continues to march into and over any country he desires. Activity begins to pick up as our Nation starts to prepare for war. Wages start to improve and the demand for labor increases luring me away from the low-paying dairy job to join my brother, D.O., and friends on road construction. The pay is one dollar an hour.

The farm is so poor that D.O. finally has to give up. We jointly buy a small house in Orangeville from Frank Akins for Mother and us.

Japan bombs Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

Our first construction project is to "four-lane" Highway #24 from Ft. Wayne to Huntington, Indiana. Once again, I work hard and am soon promoted to a machine operator making $1.40 per hour. Our construction work moves into Ft. Wayne where we place the runways for the new military airport. The military draft has begun. One by one, friends and relatives leave for the Service. Our construction work takes us to New Haven, Indiana, for work building a military storage depot.

The year is 1942 and my two friends and neighbors leave for the Service, followed by D.O. My time is soon to come. I try to enlist in the Navy only to be rejected for having a finger cut off. Mother is delighted knowing that her youngest son will not have to go to war. Of course, I'm disappointed. All of my friends have gone and there is a stigma of not doing your share if you are not in the Service. In October, 1942, my draft number comes up and I'm accepted.

I'm off to Florida - a great experience; my first train ride, my first trip outside the State of Indiana! Six months in Florida and I am promoted to P.F.C. On to Tennessee for six months maneuvers, then to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, where I am promoted to corporal. Harriet and Dorothy come down for a week-end and get some military chicken, pin feathers and all.

February 12, 1942, we embarked for overseas. My first boat ride on the ocean landed me in England on February 22. Life in England is a constant move from place-to-place to confuse the Germans as we prepare, and are outfitted, for that one day we all know must soon come. I am now a sergeant.

Russell marries Garnet Cook. Russell does not have to go to Service because of bad eyesight.

I get word from home that D.O. has been injured in an accident. I attempt to go see him only to find, upon arrival, that he had been shipped back to the States.

We are awakened one morning by the sound of thousands of airplanes in the sky. June 6, 1944 - the invasion is on! I am lucky! We did not land until June 10, 1944. Evidence of the terrific loss is everywhere. D.O., wherever he was, is lucky not to have been here. Bulldozers were wrecked from bombs and artillery fire. Surely he would have been one of the first waves to hit the beach.

Upon landing, we did not have far to go to the front, some five or six miles in from the beach. We replaced those soldiers that had survived the beach landing and had pushed the enemy inland this far. For many days, we stayed in one area, not really knowing why. Later, we find that our supplies were low and a terrific storm on the English Channel prevented our receiving any more. Eventually, the supplies are in and we are ordered to attack. What a battle! As I look back, I can't imagine how our Forces ever beat Hitler.

We are in the hedge row country of France. We were to attack and secure a small village about one mile to our front. All went well until we got close to the village, then the Germans called in their artillery on us. Our troops broke and ran to the rear seeking shelter in a small wooded area. Here, too, the Germans had zeroed-in artillery. Therefore, we turned and ran back toward the village. This went on for several days until our troops became accustomed to being under fire. Then we advanced.

My participation in the battle was short-lived, as I became a casualty from artillery on July 13, 1944. I am evacuated and eventually end up in England for a two and one-half month stay in the hospital. Life is soft here, with a warm dry place to sleep and good food. Only Hitler's buzz bombs disturb the tranquility of the moment. Nevertheless, a deeply engrained longing for your buddies keeps pushing you to return to the front.

Returning in early September, I find a different war. Most of my close friends are gone or were wounded or killed in the Battle of St. Lo, I'm told. I'm promoted to Staff Sergeant and put in charge of a platoon of heavy machine guns. We are now advancing twenty-five to fifty miles a day, riding the tanks of the 2nd Armored Division. Early winter finds us at the Siegfried Line ready to attack Hitler's homeland.

Hitler makes one last effort to split our Forces with a huge armored counter-attack. We are pulled from our position and rushed to the support of the personnel in the Battle of the Bulge. Severe weather and terrific battles take their toll. The war is practically won as we move back to our position on the Siegfried Line in late January, 1945.

Early February we cross the line into Germany. Resistance is light and scattered as we break out of the Siegfried Line and once again advance rapidly by armored vehicles ending at the Elbe River to await the Russians. The war is over May 7, 1945.

Our Captain calls me to Headquarters to offer me a Battlefield Promotion to 2nd Lieutenant. How proud I am to be considered, but declined the offer as it might entail my early departure to the Far Eastern War still in progress. I'm promoted to First Sergeant as we deploy our troops for the occupation of Germany.

In early August, I am chosen to be one of the advance parties to return to the States and prepare for our Division's arrival, in preparation of going into the battle against Japan. I'm delighted to get home and enjoy thirty day's leave. Most of my friends are committed to battle in the East as that battle continues. Thank God and Harry Truman, this war was brought to a quick end by the dropping of the world's first atomic bomb on August 6, 1945.

While home on leave, I receive a letter promoting me to Master Sergeant, the highest non-commission rank in the Service.

I returned to duty only to be quickly discharged on October 13, 1945, three years to the day in the Service of my Country. Perhaps, I should note that my service was performed in the 30th Infantry Division, General Hobbs, Commander. More specifically, I was in the 119th Regiment, Company D, Heavy Weapons Company.

So, I return to Orangeville and civilian life. Friends and neighbors start to filter back home. We are a lost group; no new cars to be bought, no lumber available for building. Industry, as a whole, is in the midst of converting back to a peacetime economy. Jobs are scarce.

While I was gone, the Grogg Dairy was sold because Paul Grogg had to go into Service. My brother, Kenneth, and brother-in-law, George Baron, Dorothy's husband, had bought the dairy. Since I had several year's experience in the dairy business, specifically the Grogg Dairy, they offered me a third interest in same which I was happy to accept.

So by November, 1945, I'm back in the dairy business in Butler, Indiana. Economics, as a whole, did not work out too well. The dairy industry was in a state of transition. Pasteurized milk had now become accepted and the push was to homogenized. Additionally, glass bottles were being replaced by paper cartons, all of which were putting a drag on our cash flow. As money became tighter, Kenneth sold out to George and me, and, eventually, I sold out to George. February, 1949.

In the meantime, I had suddenly noticed the little girl next door had grown up while I was away and had developed into a pretty young lady. However, I did very little beyond "noticing" until one night, she came over to invite me to take her to a movie in her Dad's car. We dated off-and-on for nearly a year then things became more serious. In the Spring of 1947, we became engaged with a wedding date set for November 27, 1947.

Maxine graduated from St. Joe High School in April of 1947 and went to work as a secretary for Marshall Clothing Company in Butler, Indiana.

Maxine's father, Simon Nicholls, gave us a triangular piece of real estate off the corner of his farm to erect our first home. As I previously stated, lumber could not be bought, so we purchased, and I erected from the basement up, a prefabricated home. We had the assistance of Byron Miller in doing the cabinets and finishing work.

Maxine saved her money and we bought household furnishings in preparation for the day we would move into our first home.

The wedding day arrived and we were married in the church of our youth, United Brethern Church of Newville. We have the honor of having the first-known wedding ceremony performed in this church, which was nearly one hundred years old at the time.

We moved into our new house shortly after the new year, January, 1948. In February of 1949, I sold my interest in the dairy to George and Dorothy. In March of 1949, I went to work for an asphalt company, called Bitucote Products Co. of St. Louis, Missouri, that was moving into Butler.

My first year with this company was quite an experience. I learned to do things I had never done before. Many of the things I learned were from experience due to my supervisor being an alcoholic and very seldom capable of teaching me anything. I evidently showed some promise to the "higher-ups" in the company and was chosen to go to their Cincinnati, Ohio, plant for additional experience, supplemented with additional training in St.Louis during the winter of 1950.

While in St. Louis, I bought Maxine a boxer dog. Bringing that puppy home was an experience I shall long remember.

My last brother, D.O., marries Arlene Johnston, February, 1950. Mother is now all alone.

In the Spring of 1950, I was given complete responsibility for the Butler operation of Bitucote Products Co. and was to continue in this position through September, 1955.

In October, 1955, I moved to Cincinnati to take over the supervision of this operation. This was a much larger operation and the responsibilities were much greater. Maxine and I bought a home at 6541 Hamilton Avenue, where, in June, 1956, our first and only son was born, Jonathan Collier Wasson.

Since Mother lived all alone and her health continued to decline, her physical condition dictated that she be put in a home for adequate care. Mother passed away on August 11, 1957.

We continued to live at this address as my job was expanded to entail considerable travel. We, Maxine and our son, traveled quite extensively during the early and mid-sixties as I assisted the General Manager of Bitucote Products Co. in erecting new plants across the nation.

The need for additional education became apparent and I enrolled in a correspondence school to obtain my high school diploma. I graduated in 1961, twenty-two years after I quit high school.

Further studies are continued at Southern Ohio Business School for one year. I then transferred to the University of Cincinnati night school for two years of additional studies in selected courses.

My next-to-the-oldest brother, Kenneth, passed away on December 11, 1964, nearly a year after having very extensive heart surgery.

Due to the need for extensive travel and more time being required in the home office, we move to St. Louis, Missouri, in August, 1967, purchasing a home on the banks of the Mississippi River, 7230 Christopher Drive.

My eldest brother, Lewis, passed away January 13, 1970.

I am now in complete charge of all Bitucote Products Co. facilities. My travels lessen as I delegate more responsibilities to younger employees on their way up.

Our son is graduated from Oakville High School in June, 1974, and enters Washington University in the Fall.

Maxine continues her education started at Cincinnati University, then transferred to the St.Louis County Junior College when we moved to St. Louis. Later she transferred to Notre Dame College where she is presently a senior.

In 1971, Bitucote has a change in management and I am promoted to Executive Vice President.

THE EPILOGUE

Life is good to us. We enjoy golfing and antique cars. Our son has restored a 1930 Model A Tudor and a 1929 Model A Roadster with rumble seat.

Our family is blessed with excellent health and good fortune. We look forward to our son completing his education and moving out into the world. We older folks look forward to retirement and the time to return to Orangeville, Indiana, from whence it all started.

I close this book on my life on the eve of my mother-in-law's birthday. Hazel Nicholls will be seventy-seven tomorrow, February 17, 1977.

For reason of brevity, if I dare use the word, I did not touch on many names and places that have influenced my life and/or at least left lasting impressions. I would like, if I may, to list these names and comments for posterity.

The following people are remembered in my life for their contribution to my develòpment, for whatever good or bad my life may have contributed to the world in which I am priveleged to live.

My sister, Harriet	Education/Character
Russell, Paul & Ben Grogg, with the able assistance of Blanche Grogg	Hustle/Cleanliness
Lester & Mrs. Casbere	Tenacity
Mr. & Mrs. Peter Walters	Financial
Ross Earl (Grace Construction)	Diversification
Mr. brother, Kenneth	Compassion
Cletus Jenkins	Hatred
All my associates in the Service	Brotherhood
Capt. John Leonard	Leadership
Capt. Kerrick	Leadership
Lt. Strand	Leadership
My wife, Maxine (Nicholls)	Stability & Love

And so it ends; the past fifty-four years and eleven months of my life on February 18, 1977.

V J 16

Appendix

Newville, Indiana

This small village, located at the intersection of State Road #8 and the Pickle Factory Road, was the focal point of my young life.

The village, at the time I was old enough to remember, consisted of two grocery stores, a restaurant/gasoline station and a garage. The area was served by two churches, Newville Christian and United Brethern.

The neighborhood men, farmers for the most part, would gather nightly in one or the other grocery store to "swap tales" and, I tell you, there were some tales.

Ivan Smith (Pige) ran one grocery store; Murrol Crouse ran the other, and Peelie Dean ran the restaurant.

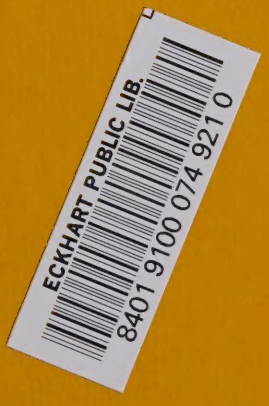
Both stores sent out "huckster wagons" to the rural areas whereby the farmers' wives could sell their eggs or chickens and buy groceries and coal oil. Quite often, I was permitted to accompany Murrol on his route.

What makes Newville so vivid to my past is the many colorful characters that were very much a part of this village.

The two store owners, Pige and Murrol, were certainly characters, but the most outstanding was Pellie Dean, the restaurant operator. In addition, I remember the supporting cast to be:

Crip Fusellman
Charlie Countryman
Bill (William) Miller & Imo, his wife
Olan Loumis, "Paddle Foot"
Roy Abels, "Buggie Abels"
Sam Tombelson
Mac Richmond
Boob Richards

Eckhart Public Library

603 S. Jackson Street Auburn, IN 46706
Phone: 219-925-2414

Patron is responsible for all material borrowed.